



Vanderbank inv.

Vander Gucht Sculp.

T H E
PROVOK'D HUSBAND;
OR, A
JOURNEY *to* LONDON.
A
C O M E D Y.

As it is Acted at the THEATRE-ROYAL,
By His MAJESTY's Servants.

Written by the late

Sir JOHN VANBRUGH and Mr. CIBBER.

—*Vivit Tanquam Vicina Mariti.* Juv. Sat. VI.



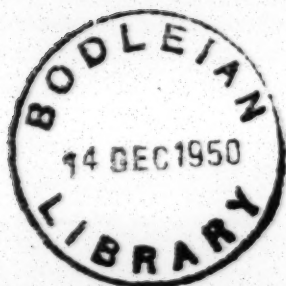
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Bl. from Mr Brett-Smith





TO THE
QUEEN.

May it please Your Majesty,

THE *English* THEATRE throws itself,
with this Play, at Your MAJESTY's
Feet, for Favour and Support.

As their Public Diversions are a strong
Indication of the Genius of a People; the
following Scenes are an Attempt to Establish

A 3

such,

DEDICATION.

such, as are fit to entertain the Minds of a sensible Nation; and to wipe off that Asperſion of Barbarity, which the *Virtuoſi* among our Neighbours have ſometimes thrown upon our Taſte.

The *Provok'd Husband*, is, at leaſt, an Inſtance, that an *Engliſh* Comedy may, to an unuſual Number of Days, bring many Thouſands of His Maſteſty's good ſubjects together, to their Emolument and Delight, with Innocence. And however little Share of that Merit my unequal Pen may pretend to, yet I hope the juſt Admirers of Sir *John Vanbrugh* will allow I have, at worſt, been a careful Guardian of his Orphan Muſe, by leading it into Your Maſteſty's Royal Protection.

The Deſign of this Play being chiefly to expoſe, and reform the licentious Irregularities that, too often, break in upon the Peace and Happineſs of the Married State; Where could ſo hazardous and unpopular an Undertaking be ſecure, but in the Protection of a PRINCESS, whoſe Exemplary Conjugal Virtues have given ſuch Illuſtrious Proof, of what ſublime Felicity that holy State is capable?

And

D E D I C A T I O N.

And though a Crown is no certain Title to Content ; yet to the Honour of that Institution be it said, the Royal Harmony of Hearts that now enchants us from the Throne, is a Reproach to the frequent Disquiet of those many insensible Subjects about it, who (from His Majesty's Paternal Care of his People) have more leisure to be happy : And 'tis our QUEEN's peculiar Glory, that we often see Her as Eminently rais'd above her Circle, in private Happiness, as in Dignity.

Yet Heaven, MADAM, that has placed You on such Height, to be the more conspicuous Pattern of your Sex, had still left your Happiness imperfect, had it not given those inestimable Treasures of your Mind, and Person, to the only Prince on Earth, that could have deserved them : A Crown receiv'd from Any, but the Happy Monarch's Hand, who invested you with This, which You now adorn, had only seem'd the Work of *Fortune* : But *Thus* bestow'd, the World acknowledges it the due Reward of PROVIDENCE, for One You once so gloriously Refus'd.

DEDICATION.

But as the Fame of such elevated Virtue has lifted the Plain Addressees of a whole Nation into Eloquence, the best repeated Eulogiums on that Theme, are but Intrusions on your Majesty's greater Pleasure of secretly deserving them. I therefore beg leave to subscribe myself,

May it please Your MAJESTY,

Your Majesty's most Devoted,

Most Obedient, and

Most Humble Servant,

COLLEY CIBBER.



TO THE
R E A D E R.

HAVING taken upon me, in the Prologue to this Play, to give the Auditors some short Account of that Part of it which Sir *John Vanbrugh* left unfinish'd, and not thinking it advisable, in that Place, to limit their Judgment by so high a Commendation as I thought it deserv'd; I have therefore, for the Satisfaction of the Curious, printed the Whole of what he wrote, separately, under the single Title he gave it, of *A Journey to London*, without presuming to alter a Line.

Yet when I own, that in my last Conversation with him, (which chiefly turn'd upon what he had done towards a Comedy) he excus'd his not shewing it me, 'till he had review'd it, confessing the Scenes were yet undigested, too long, and irregular, particularly in the lower Characters, I have but one excuse for publishing, what he never design'd should come into the World, as it then was, *viz.* I had no other way of taking those many Faults to myself, which may be justly found in my presuming to finish it.

However, a Judicious Reader will find in his Original Papers, that the Characters are strongly drawn, new, spirited, and natural, taken from sensible Observations on high and lower Life, and from a just Indignation at the Follies in fashion. All I could gather from him of what he intended in the *Catastrophe*, was, that the Conduct of his imaginary fine Lady had so provok'd him, that he design'd actually to have made her Husband turn her out of his Doors. But when his Per-

To the READER.

formance came, after his Decease, to my Hands, I thought such violent Measures, however just they might be in real Life, were too severe for Comedy, and would want the proper Surprise, which is due to the End of a Play. Therefore with much ado (and 'twas as much as I could do with Probability) I preserv'd the Lady's Chastity, that the Sense of her Errors might make a Reconciliation not impracticable; and I hope the Mitigation of her Sentence has been, since, justified by its Success.

My Inclination to preserve as much as possible of Sir *Jahn*, I soon saw had drawn the whole into an unusual length; the Reader will therefore find here a Scene or two of the Lower Humour, that were left out after the first Day's Presentation.

The Favour the Town has shewn to the higher Characters in this Play, is a Proof, that their Taste is not wholly vitiated, by the barbarous Entertainments that have been so expensively set off to corrupt it: But, while the Repetition of the best old Plays is apt to give Satiety, and good new ones so scarce a Cominodity, we must not wonder, that the poor Actors are sometimes forced to trade in Trash for a Livelihood.

I cannot yet take leave of the Reader, without endeavouring to do Justice to those principal Actors, who have so evidently contributed to the Support of this Comedy: And I wish I could separate the Praises due to them, from the secret Vanity of an Author: For all I can say will still insinuate, that they could not have so highly excell'd, unless the Skill of the Writer had given them proper Occasion. However, as I had rather appear vain, than unthankful, I will venture to say of Mr. *Wilks*, that in the last Act, I never saw any Passion take so natural a Possession of an Actor, or any Actor take so tender a Possession of his Auditors——Mr. *Mills* too, is confess'd by every Body, to have surpriz'd them, by so far excelling himself——But there is no doing Right to Mrs. *Oldfield*, without putting People
in

To the READER

in mind of what others, of great Merit, have wanted to come near her——'Tis not enough to say, she *Here Out-did* her usual *Excellence*. I might therefore justly leave her to the constant Admiration of those Spectators, who have the Pleasure of living while She is an Actress. But as this is not the only Time She has been the Life of what I have given the Public, so perhaps my saying a little more of so memorable an Actress, may give this Play a Chance to be read, when the People of this Age shall be Ancestors——May it therefore give Emulation to our Successors of the Stage, to know, That to the ending of the Year 1727, a Contemporary Comedian relates, that Mrs. *Oldfield* was, then, in her highest Excellence of Action, happy in all the nearly-found Requisites, that meet in one Person to complete them for the Stage——She was in Stature just rising to that Height, where the *Graceful* can only begin to shew itself; of a lively Aspect, and a Command in her Mien, that like the principal Figure in the finest Paintings, first seizes, and longest delights the Eye of the Spectators. Her Voice was sweet, strong, piercing, and melodious: her Pronunciation voluble, distinct, and musical; and her Emphasis always placed where the Spirit of the Sense, in her Periods, only demanded it. If She delighted more in the Higher Comic, than in the Tragic Strain, 'twas because the last is too often written in a lofty disregard of Nature. But in Characters of modern practis'd Life, she found Occasions to add the particular Air and Manner which distinguish'd the different Humours she presented. Whereas in Tragedy, the Manner of Speaking varies, as little, as the blank Verse it is written in——She had one peculiar Happiness from Nature, she look'd and maintain'd the *Agreeable* at a Time, when other Fine Women only raise Admirers by their Understanding——The Spectator was always as much informed by her Eyes, as her Elocution; for the Look is the only Proof that an Actor rightly conceives what he utters, there being

To the READER.

being scarce an Instance, where the Eyes do their Part, that the Elocution is known to be faulty. The Qualities she had *acquired*, were the *Genteel* and the *Elegant*. The one in her Air, and the other in her Dress, never had her Equal on the Stage; and the Ornaments she herself provided, (particularly in this Play) seem'd in all respects the *Paraphernalia* of a Woman of Quality. And of that Sort were the Characters she chiefly excelled in; but her natural good Sense and lively Turn of Conversation made her Way so easy to Ladies of the highest Rank, that it is a less Wonder, if on the Stage she sometimes *was*, what might have become the finest Woman in real Life to have supported.

Theatre-Royal,

Jan. 27,

1728

C. CIBBER.



P R O.



PROLOGUE,

Spoken by Mr. Wilks.

THIS Play took Birth from Principles of Truth,
To make amends for Errors past, of Youth.
A Bard, that's now no more, in riper Days,
Conscious review'd the Licence of his Plays:
And though Applause his wanton Muse had fir'd,
Himself condemn'd what sensual Minds admir'd.
At length, he own'd, that Plays should let you see
Not only, What you are, but ought to be;
Though Vice was natural, 'twas never meant,
The Stage should shew it, but for Punishment!
Warm with that Thought, his Muse once more took Flame,
Resolv'd to bring licentious Life to Shame.
Such was the Piece his latest Pen design'd,
But left no Traces of his Plan behind.
Luxuriant Scenes, unprun'd, or half contriv'd;
Yet, through the Mass, his Native Fire surviv'd:
Rough, as rich Ore, in Mines the Treasure lay,
Yet still 'twas rich, and forms at length a Play.
In which the bold Compiler boasts no Merit,
But that his Pains have sav'd your Scenes of Spirit.
Not Scenes, that would a noisy Joy impart,
But such as hush the Mind and warm the Heart.
From Praise of Hands no sure Account he draws,
But fixt Attention is sincere Applause:
If then (for hard, you'll own the Task) his Art
Can to those Embryon-Scenes new Life impart,
The Living proudly would exclude his Lays,
And to the buried Bard resigns the Praise.

Dramatis Personæ, 1759.

M E N.

Lord <i>Townly</i> , of a Regular Life,	Mr. <i>Garrick</i> .
Mr. <i>Manly</i> , an Admirer of Lady <i>Grace</i> ,	Mr. <i>Harvard</i> .
Sir <i>Francis Wronghead</i> , A Country Gentleman,	} Mr. <i>Yates</i> .
Squire <i>Richard</i> , his Son, a mere Whelp,	} Mr. <i>Vaughan</i> .
Count <i>Basset</i> , a Gamester,	} Mr. <i>Blakes</i> .
<i>John Moody</i> , Servant to Sir <i>Francis</i> , an honest Clown,	} Mr. <i>Burton</i> .

W O M E N.

Lady <i>Townly</i> , immoderate in her Pursuit of Pleasures,	} Mrs. <i>Pritchard</i> .
Lady <i>Grace</i> , Sister to Lord <i>Townly</i> , of Exemplary Virtue,	} Miss <i>Haughton</i> .
Lady <i>Wronghead</i> , Wife to Sir <i>Francis</i> , inclin'd to be a fine Lady,	} Mrs. <i>Glen</i> .
Miss <i>Jenny</i> , her Daughter, pert and forward,	} Miss <i>Barton</i> .
Mrs. <i>Motherly</i> , one that lets Lodgings,	} Mrs. <i>Cross</i> .
<i>Myrilla</i> , her Niece, seduc'd by the Count,	} Miss <i>Hippisley</i> .
Mrs. <i>Trusty</i> , Lady <i>Townly</i> 's Woman,	} Mrs. <i>Bennet</i> .

Masqueraders, Constable, Servants, &c.

*The SCENE, Lord Townly's House, and
sometimes Sir Francis's Lodgings.*

T H E



T H E
PROVOK'D HUSBAND;
O R,
A JOURNEY to LONDON.

A C T I. S C E N E I.

S C E N E, *Lord Townly's Apartment.*

Lord Townly solus.

W H Y did I marry!—Was it not evident, my plain, rational Scheme of Life was impracticable, with a Woman of so different a way of thinking?—Is there one Article of it, that she has not broke in upon?—Yes,—let me do her Justice—her Reputation—That—I have no Reason to believe is in Question—But then how long her profligate Course of Pleasures may make her able to keep it—is a shocking Question! and her Presumption while she keeps it—insupportable! for on the Pride of that single Virtue she seems to lay it down, as a fundamental Point, that the free Indulgence of every other Vice, this fertile Town affords, is the Birth-right Prerogative of a Woman of Quality—Amazing! that a Creature so warm in the Pursuit of her Pleasures, should never cast one Thought towards her Happiness—Thus, while she ad-
mits

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mits no Lover, she thinks it a greater Merit still, in her Chastity not to care for her Husband; and while she herself is solacing in one continual Round of Cards and good Company, He, poor Wretch! is left, at large, to take care of his own Contentment——'Tis time, indeed, some Care were taken, and speedily there shall be——Yet let me not be rash——Perhaps this Disappointment of my Heart may make me too impatient; and some Tempers, when reproach'd, grow more untractable.——Here she comes——Let me be calm a while.

Enter Lady Townly.

Going out so soon after Dinner, Madam?

Lady Town. Lard, my Lord! what can I possibly do at Home?

Lord Town. What does my Sister, Lady Grace, do at Home?

Lady Town. Why, that is to me amazing! Have you ever any Pleasure at Home!

Lord Town. It might be in your Power, Madam, I confess, to make it a little more comfortable to me.

Lady Town. Comfortable! and so, my good Lord, you would really have a Woman of my Rank and Spirit, stay at Home to comfort her Husband! Lord! what Notions of Life some Men have?

Lord Town. Don't you think, Madam, some Ladies Notions are full as extravagant?

Lady Town. Yes, my Lord, when the tame Doves live coop'd within the Penn of your Precepts, I do think 'em prodigious indeed!

Lord Town. And when they fly wild about this Town, Madam, pray what must the World think of 'em then?

Lady Town. Oh! This World is not so ill-bred as to quarrel with any Woman for liking it.

Lord Town. Nor am I, Madam, a Husband so well-bred, as to bear my Wife's being so fond of it; in short, the Life you lead, Madam——

Lady Town. Is, to me, the pleasantest Life in the World.

Lord Town. I should not dispute your Taste, Madam, if a Woman had a Right to please no body but herself.

Lady Town.

Lady Town. Why, whom would you have her please?

Lord Town. Sometimes her Husband.

Lady Town. And don't you think a Husband under the same Obligation?

Lord Town. Certainly.

Lady Town. Why then we are agreed, my Lord—For if I never go abroad, 'till I am weary of being at home—which you know is the Case—is it not equally reasonable, not to come home 'till one's weary of being abroad!

Lord Town. If this be your Rule of Life, Madam, 'tis time to ask you one serious Question?

Lady Town. Don't let it be long a coming then—for I am in haste.

Lord Town. Madam, when I am serious, I expect a serious Answer.

Lady Town. Before I know the Question?

Lord Town. Pshaw——have I Power, Madam, to make you serious by Intreaty?

Lady Town. You have.

Lord Town. And you promise to answer me sincerely?

Lady Town. Sincerely.

Lord Town. Now then recollect your Thoughts, and tell me seriously, Why you married me?

Lady Town. You insist upon Truth, you say?

Lord Town. I think I have a Right to it.

Lady Town. Why then, my Lord, to give you, at once, a Proof of my Obedience and Sincerity—I think—I married—to take off that Restraint, that lay upon my Pleasures, while I was a single Woman.

Lord Town. How, Madam! is any Woman under less Restraint after Marriage, than before it?

Lady Town. O my Lord! my Lord! they are quite different Creatures! Wives have infinite Liberties in Life, that would be terrible in an unmarried Woman to take.

Lord Town. Name one.

Lady Town. Fifty, if you please!——to begin then, in the Morning——A married Woman may have Men at her Toilet, invite them to Dinner, appoint them a Party, in a Stage-Box at the Play; ingross the
Con-

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Conversation there, call 'em by their Christian Names; talk louder than the Players;—From thence jaunt into the City—take a frolicksome Supper at an *India House*—perhaps, in her *Gaieté de Cœur* toast a pretty Fellow—Then clatter again to this End of the Town, break, with the Morning, into an Assembly, crowd to the Hazard-Table, throw a familiar *Levant* upon some sharp lurching Man of Quality, and if he demands his Mony, turn it off with a loud Laugh, and cry—
you'll owe it him, to vex him! ha! ha!

Lord *Town*. Prodigious!

[*Afide.*

Lady *Town*. These now, my Lord, are some few of the many modish Amusements, that distinguish the Privilege of a Wife, from that of a single Woman.

Lord *Town*. Death! Madam, what Law has made these Liberties less scandalous in a Wife, than in an unmarried Woman?

Lady *Town*. Why, the strongest Law in the World, Custom—Custom Time out of Mind, my Lord.

Lord *Town*. Custom, Madam, is the Law of Fools: But it shall never govern me.

Lady *Town*. Nay then, my Lord, 'tis time for me to observe the Laws of Prudence.

Lord *Town*. I wish I could see an Instance of it.

Lady *Town*. You shall have one this Moment, my Lord: For I think, when a Man begins to lose his Temper at Home; if a Woman has any Prudence, why—she'll go abroad 'till he comes to himself again.

[*Going.*

Lord *Town*. Hold, Madam—I am amaz'd you are not more uneasy at the Life you lead! You don't want Sense! and yet seem void of all Humanity: For with a Blush I say it, I think, I have not wanted Love.

Lady *Town*. Oh! don't say that, my Lord, if you suppose I have my Senses?

Lord *Town*. What is it I have done to you? what can you complain of?

Lady *Town*. Oh! nothing in the least: 'Tis true, you have heard me say, I have owed my Lord *Lurcher* an Hundred Pound these three Weeks—but what then—a Husband is not liable to his Wife's Debts of Honour.

A JOURNEY to LONDON. 19

Honour, you know,——and if a silly Woman will be uneasy about Money she can't be su'd for, what's that to him? as long as he loves her, to be sure, she can have nothing to complain of.

Lord Town. By Heav'n, if my whole Fortune thrown into your Lap, could make you delight in the chearful Duties of a Wife, I should think myself a Gainer by the Purchase.

Lady Town. That is, my Lord, I might receive your whole Estate, provided you were sure I would not spend a Shilling of it.

Lord Town. No, Madam; were I Master of your Heart, your Pleasures would be mine; but different, as they are, I'll feed even your Follies, to deserve it——Perhaps you may have some other trifling Debts of Honour abroad, that keep you out of Humour at Home——at least it shall not be my Fault, if I have not more of your Company——There, there's a Bill of Five Hundred——and now, Madam——

Lady Town. And now, my Lord, down to the Ground I thank you——Now am I convinc'd, were I weak enough to love this Man, I should never get a single Guinea from him. [Aside.

Lord Town. If it be no Offence, Madam——

Lady Town. Say what you please, my Lord; I am in that Harmony of Spirits, it is impossible to put me out of Humour.

Lord Town. How long, in Reason then, do you think that Sum ought to last you?

Lady Town. Oh, my dear, dear Lord! now you have spoil'd all again! How is it possible I should answer for an Event, that so utterly depends upon Fortune? But to shew you, that I am more inclin'd to get Money, than to throw it away——I have a strong Possession, that with this five hundred, I shall win five thousand.

Lord Town. Madam, if you were to win ten thousand, it would be no Satisfaction to me.

Lady Town. O! the Churl! ten thousand! what! not so much as wish I might win ten thousand!——Ten thousand! O! the charming Sum! what infinite pretty things

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things might a Woman of Spirit do, with ten thousand Guineas! O' my Conscience, if she were a Woman of true Spirit—she—she might lose 'em all again.

Lord *Town*. And I had rather it should be so, Madam; provided I could be sure, that were the last you would lose.

Lady *Town*. Well, my Lord, to let you see I design to play all the good House-wife I can; I am now going to a Party at *Quadrille*, only to piddle with a little of it, at poor two Guineas a Fish, with the Dutcheß of *Quiteright*. [Exit Lady *Town*ly.]

Lady *Town*. Insensible Creature! neither Reproaches, or Indulgence, Kindness, or Severity, can wake her to the least Reflexion! Continual Licence has lull'd her into such a Lethargy of Care, that she speaks of her Excesses with the same easy Confidence, as if they were so many Virtues. What a turn has her Head taken! —But how to cure it——I am afraid the Physic must be strong, that reaches her——Lenitives, I see, are to no purpose——take my Friend's Opinion——*Manly* will speak freely——my Sister with Tenderneß to both sides. They know my Case——I'll talk with 'em.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Mr. *Manly*, my Lord, has sent to know, if your Lordship was at home.

Lord *Town*. They did not deny me?

Serv. No, my Lord.

Lord *Town*, Very well; step up to my Sister, and say, I desire to speak with her.

Serv. Lady *Grace* is here, my Lord. [Exit Serv.]

Enter Lady Grace.

Lord *Town*. So, Lady fair; what pretty Weapon have you been killing your Time with!

Lady *Grace*. A huge Folio, that has almost kill'd me—I think I have half read my Eyes out.

Lord *Town*. O! you should not pore so much just after Dinner, Child.

Lady *Grace*.

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Lady Grace. That's true, but any Body's Thoughts are better than always one's own, you know.

Lady Town. Whose there?

Enter Servant.

Leave word at the Door, I am at home to no body but Mr. Manly.

Lady Grace. And why is he excepted, pray, my Lord?

Lord Town. I hope, Madam, you have no Objection to his Company?

Lady Grace. Your particular Orders, upon my being here, look, indeed, as if you thought I had not.

Lord Town. And your Ladyship's Enquiry into the Reason of those Orders, shews at least, it was not a Matter indifferent to you!

Lady Grace. Lord! You make the oddest Constructions, Brother!

Lord Town. Look you, my grave Lady Grace—in one serious Word—I wish you had him.

Lady Grace. I can't help that.

Lord Town. Ha! you can't help it! ha! ha! The flat Simplicity of that Reply was admirable!

Lady Grace. Pooh! you teize one, Brother!

Lord Town. Come, I beg Pardon, Child——this is not a Point, I grant you, to trifle upon; therefore, I hope you'll give me leave to be serious.

Lady Grace. If you desire it, Brother! though upon my Word, as to Mr. Manly's having any serious Thoughts of me—I know nothing of it.

Lord Town. Well——there's nothing Wrong, in your making a Doubt of it——But in short, I find, by his Conversation of late, that he has been looking round the World for a Wife; and if you were to look round the World for a Husband, he's the first Man I would give to you.

Lady Grace. Then, whenever he makes me any Offer, Brother, I will certainly tell you of it.

Lord Town. O! that's the last thing he'll do; he'll never make you an Offer, 'till he's pretty sure it won't be refus'd.

Lady Grace.

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Lady Grace. Now you make me curious. Pray! did he ever make any Offer of that kind to you?

Lord Town. Not directly; but that imports nothing; he is a Man too well acquainted with the Female World, to be brought into a high Opinion of any one Woman, without some well-examin'd proof of her Merit: Yet I have Reason to believe, that your good Sense, your turn of Mind, and your way of Life, have brought him to so favourable a one of you, that a few Days will reduce him to talk plainly to me: Which as yet (notwithstanding our Friendship) I have neither declin'd, nor encourag'd him to.

Lady Grace. I am mighty glad we are so near, in our way of thinking: For to tell you the Truth he is much upon the same Terms, with me: You know he has a satirical Turn; but never lashes any Folly, without giving due Encomiums to its opposite Virtue: and upon such Occasions, he is sometimes particular, in turning his Compliments upon me, which I don't receive, with any reserve, lest he should imagine I take them to myself.

Lord Town. You are right, Child: When a Man of Merit makes his Addresses; good Sense may give him an Answer, without Scorn, or Coquetry.

Lady Grace. Hush! he's here——

Enter Mr. Manly.

Man. My Lord! your most obedient.

Lord Town. Dear *Manly*! yours—— I was thinking to fend to you.

Man. Then, I am glad I am here, my Lord——
Lady Grace, I kiss your Hands!——What, only you two! How many Visits may a Man make, before he falls into such unfashionable Company? A Brother and Sister soberly sitting at home, when the whole Town is a gadding! I question if there is so particular a *Tête à Tête*, again, in the whole Parish of *St. James's*!

Lady Grace. Fy! fy! *Mr. Manly*; how censorious you are?

Man. I had not made the Reflexion, Madam, but that I saw you an Exception to it——Where's my Lady?

Lord Town.

Lord Town. That I believe is impossible to guess.

Man. Then I won't try, my Lord—

Lord Town. But, 'tis probable I may hear of her, by that time I have been four or five Hours in Bed.

Man. Now, if that were my Case, I believe I should
——But I beg Pardon, my Lord.

Lord Town. Indeed, Sir, you shall not: You will oblige me, if you speak out; for it was upon this Head, I wanted to see you.

Man. Why then, my Lord, since you oblige me to proceed——If that were my Case——I believe I should certainly sleep in another House.

Lady Grace. How do you mean?

Man. Only a Compliment, Madam.

Lady Grace. A Compliment!

Man. Yes, Madam, in rather turning myself out of Doors than her.

Lady Grace. Don't you think, that would be going too far?

Man. I don't know but it might, Madam; for, in strict Justice, I think she ought rather to go, than I.

Lady Grace. This is new Doctrine, Mr. Manly.

Man. As old, Madam, as *Love, Honour, and Obedy!* When a Woman will stop at nothing that's wrong, why should a Man balance any thing that's right.

Lady Grace. Bless me but this is fomenting things—

Man. Fomentations, Madam, are sometimes necessary to dispel Tumours: tho' I don't directly advise my Lord to do this——This is only what, upon the same Provocation, I would do myself.

Lady Grace. Ay! ay! You would do! Bachelors Wives, indeed, are finely govern'd.

Man. If the married Mens were as well——I am apt to think we should not see so many mutual Plagues taking the Air, in separate Coaches!

Lady Grace. Well! but suppose it your own Case; would you part with a Wife, because she now and then stays out, in the best Company?

Lord Town. Well said, Lady Grace! come, stand up for the Privilege of your Sex! This is like to be a warm Debate! I shall edify.

Man.

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Man. Madam, I think a Wife, after Midnight, has no Occasion to be in better Company than her Husband's; and that frequent unreasonable Hours make the best Company—the worst Company she can fall into.

Lady Grace. But if People of Condition are to keep company with one another; how is it possible to be done unless one conforms to their Hours?

Man. I can't find, that any Woman's good Breeding obliges her to conform to other People's Vices.

Lord Town. I doubt, Child, here we are got a little on the wrong side of the Question.

Lady Grace. Why so, my Lord? I can't think the Case so bad, as Mr. *Manly* states it—People of Quality are not ty'd down to the Rules of those, who have their Fortunes to make.

Man. No People, Madam, are above being ty'd down to some Rules, that have Fortunes to lose.

Lady Grace. Pooh! I'm sure, if you were to take my side of the Argument, you would be able to say something more for it.

Lord Town. Well, what say you to that, *Manly*?

Man. Why, 'troth my Lord, I have something to say.

Lady Grace. Ay! that I should be glad to hear now!

Lord Town. Out with it!

Man. Then in one Word, this, my Lord, I have often thought that the Mis-conduct of my Lady has, in a great Measure, been owing to your Lordship's Treatment of her.

Lady Grace. Bless me!

Lord Town. My Treatment!

Man. Ay, my Lord, you so idoliz'd her before Marriage, that you even indulg'd her, like a Mistress, after it: In short, you continu'd the Lover, when you should have taken up the Husband.

Lady Grace. O frightful! this is worse than t'other! can a Husband love a Wife too well!

Man. As easy, Madam, as a Wife may love her Husband too little.

Lord Town. So! you two are never like to agree, I find.

Lady Grace.

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Lady Grace. Don't be positive, Brother ;—I am afraid we are both of a Mind already. [*Aside.*] And do you, at this rate, ever hope to be married, Mr. Manly ?

Man. Never, Madam ; 'till I can meet with a Woman that likes my Doctrine.

Lady Grace. 'Tis pity but your Mistress should hear it.

Man. Pity me, Madam, when I marry the Woman that won't hear it.

Lady Grace. I think, at least, he can't say, that's me. [*Aside.*]

Man. And so, my Lord, by giving her more Power than was needful, she has none where she wants it ; having such intire Possession of you, she is not Mistress of herself ! And, Mercy on us ! how many fine Womens Heads have been turn'd upon the same Occasion !

Lord Town. O Manly ! 'tis too true ! there's the Source of my Disquiet ! she knows, and has abus'd her Power ! Nay, I am still so weak (with shame I speak it) 'tis not an Hour ago, that in the midst of my Impatience—I gave her another Bill for Five Hundred to throw away.

Man. Well—my Lord ! to let you see I am sometimes upon the side of Good-nature, I won't absolutely blame you ; for the greater your Indulgence, the more you have to reproach her with.

Lady Grace. Ay, Mr. Manly ! here now, I begin to come in with you : Who knows, my Lord, you may have a good Account of your Kindness !

Man. That, I am afraid, we had not best depend upon : But since you have had so much Patience, my Lord, even go on with it a Day or two more ! and upon her Ladyship's next Sally, be a little rounder in your Expostulation ; if that don't work—drop her some cool Hints of a determin'd Reformation, and leave her——to breakfast upon 'em.

Lord Town. You are perfectly right ! how valuable is a Friend, in our Anxiety !

Man. Therefore to divert that, my Lord, I beg, for the present, we may call another Cause.

Lady Grace. Ay ! for Goodness sake let's have done with this.

Lord Town. With all my Heart.

B

Lady Grace.

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Lady Grace. Have you no News abroad, Mr. *Manly*?

Man. *A propos*——I have some, Madam; and I believe, my Lord, as extraordinary in its kind——

Lord Town. Pray let's have it,

Man. Do you know, that your Country Neighbour, and my wife Kinsman, Sir *Francis Wronghead*, is coming to Town with his whole Family?

Lord Town. The Fool! what can be his Business here?

Man. Oh! of the last Importance, I'll assure you——No less than the Business of the Nation.

Lord Town. Explain!

Man. He has carried his Election———against Sir *John Worthland*.

Lord Town. The Duce! what! for——for——

Man. The famous Borough of *Guzzledown*!

Lord Town. A proper Representative, indeed.

Lady Grace. Pray, Mr. *Manly*, don't I know him?

Man. You have din'd with him, Madam, when I was last down with my Lord, at *Bellmont*.

Lady Grace. Was not that he, that got a little merry before Dinner, and overset the Tea-table, in making his Compliments to my Lady?

Man. The same.

Lady Grace. Pray what are his Circumstances? I know but very little of him.

Man. Then he is worth your knowing, I can tell you, Madam. His Estate, if clear, I believe, might be a good two thousand Pounds a Year: Though as it was left him, saddled with two Jointures, and two weighty Mortgages upon it, there is no saying what it is———But that he might be sure never to mend it, he married a profuse young Hussy, for Love, without a penny of Money! Thus having, like his brave Ancestors, provided Heirs for the Family (for his Dove breeds like a tame Pigeon) he now finds Children and Interest-Money make such a bawling about his Ears, that, at last, he has taken the friendly Advice of his Kinsman, the good Lord *Danglecourt*, to run his Estate two thousand Pounds more in Debt, to put the whole Management of what's left into *Paul Pillage's* Hands, that he may be at leisure himself

himself to retrieve his Affairs, by being a Parliament-Man.

Lord Town. A most admirable Scheme, indeed !

Man. And with this Politic Prospect, he's now upon his Journey to London——

Lord Town. What can it end in ?

Man. Pooh ! a Journey into the Country again.

Lord Town. Do you think he'll stir, 'till his Mony's gone ? or at least, 'till the Session is over ?

Man. If my Intelligence is right, my Lord, he won't sit long enough to give his Vote for a Turnpike.

Lord Town. How so ?

Man. O ! a bitter Business ! he had scarce a Vote, in the whole Town, beside the Returning Officer : Sir John will certainly have it heard at the Bar of the House, and send him about his Business again.

Lord Town. Then he has made a fine Business of it indeed.

Man. Which, as far as my little Interest will go, shall be done, in as few Days as possible.

Lady Grace. But why would you ruin the poor Gentleman's Fortune, Mr. Manly ?

Man. No, Madam, I would only spoil his Project, to save his Fortune.

Lady Grace. How are you concern'd enough, to do either ?

Man. Why——I have some Obligations to the Family, Madam : I enjoy at this time a pretty Estate, which Sir Francis was Heir at Law to : But——by his being a Booby ; the last Will of an obstinate old Uncle gave it to me.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. [to Man.] Sir, here's one of your Servants from your House, desires to speak with you.

Man. Will you give him leave to come in, my Lord ?

Lord Town. Sir——the Ceremony's of your own making.

Enter Manly's Servant.

Man. Well, *James!* what's the Matter now?

James. Sir, here's *John Moody's* just come to Town; he says Sir *Francis*, and all the Family, will be here to-night, and is in a great Hurry to speak with you.

Man. Where is he?

James. At our House, Sir: He has been gaping and stumping about the Streets, in his dirty Boots, and asking every one he meets, if they can tell him where he may have a good Lodging for a Parliament Man, 'till he can hire a handsome whole House, fit for all his Family, for the Winter.

Man. I am afraid, my Lord, I must wait upon Mr. *Moody*.

Lord Town. Pr'ythee! let's have him here: He will divert us.

Man. O my Lord! he's such a Cub! Not but he's so near Common Sense, that he passes for a Wit in the Family.

Lady Grace. I beg of all things, we may have him: I am in love with Nature, let her Dress be never so homely!

Man. Then desire him to come hither, *James*.

[*Exit James.*]

Lady Grace. Pray what may be Mr. *Moody's* Post?

Man. Oh! his *Maitre d'Hôtel*, his Butler, his Bailiff, his Hind, his Huntsman; and sometimes——his Companion.

Lord Town. It runs in my Head, that the Moment this Knight has set him down in the House, he will get up, to give them the earliest Proof, of what Importance he is to the Public, in his own Country.

Man. Yes, and when they have heard him, he will find, that his utmost Importance stands valued at——sometimes being invited to Dinner.

Lady Grace. And her Ladyship, I suppose, will make as considerable a Figure, in her Sphere too.

Man. That you may depend upon: For (if I don't mistake) she has ten times more of the Jade in her, than she yet knows of: And she will so improve in this rich Soil,

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Soil, in a Month, that she will visit all the Ladies, that will let her into their Houses: And run in Debt to all the Shop-keepers that will let her into their Books: In short, before her Important Spouse has made five Pounds, by his Eloquence, at *Westminster*; she will have lost five hundred at Dice and *Quadrille*, in the Parish of *St. James's*.

Lord *Town*. So that, by that time he is declared unduly elected, a Swarm of Duns will be ready for their Money; and his Worship——will be ready for a Jail.

Man. Yes, yes, that I reckon will close the Account of this hopeful Journey to *London*——But see here comes the Fore-horse of the Team!

Enter John Moody.

Oh! Honest *John*!

John Moody. Ad's waunds, and heart! Measter *Manly*! I'm glad I ha' fun ye. Lawd! lawd! give me a Buss! Why that's friendly naw! Flesh! I thought we should never ha' got hither! Well! and how d'ye do, Measter?——Good lack! I beg Pardon, for my Bawldness——I did not see, 'at his Honour was here.

Lord *Town*. Mr. *Moody*, your Servant: I am glad to see you in *London*. I hope all the good Family is well.

John Moody. Thanks be prais'd your Honour, they are all in pretty good Heart; thof' we have had a power of Crosses upo' the Road.

Lady *Grace*. I hope my Lady has had no hurt, Mr. *Moody*.

John Moody. Noa, and please your Ladyship, she was never in better Humour: There's Mony enough stirring now.

Man. What has been the Matter, *John*.

John Moody. Why, we came up in such a Hurry, you mun think, that our Tackle was not so tight as it should be.

Man. Come, tell us all——Pray how do they travel?

John Moody. Why i'the awld Coach, Measter, and 'cause my Lady loves to do things handsom, to be sure, she would have a couple of Cart-horses clapt to th' four

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old Geldings, that Neighbours might see she went up to *London* in her Coach and Six ! And so *Giles Joulter*, the Plowman, rides Postillion !

Man. Very well ! The Journey sets out as it should do. [*Aside.*] What, do they bring all the Children with them too ?

John Moody. Noa, noa, only the younk Squoire, and Miss *Jenny*. The other Foive are all out at board, at half a Crown a Head, a Week, with *John Growse* at *Smoke-Dunghill* Farm.

Man. Good-again ! a right *English* Academy for younger Children !

John Moody. Anon, Sir. [*Not understanding him.*]

Lady Grace. Poor Souls ! What will become of 'em ?

John Moody. Nay, nay, for that Matter, Madam, they are in very good Hands : *Joan* loves 'um as thof' they were all her own : For she was Wet Nurse to every Mother's Babe of 'um——Ay, ay, they'll ne'er want for a Belly-full there !

Lady Grace. What Simplicity !

Man. 'The Lud 'a Mercy upon all good Folks ! What Work will these People make ! [*Holding up his Hands.*]

Lord Town. And when do you expect them here, *John* ?

John Moody. Why we were in hopes to ha' come Yesterday, an' it had no' been, that th' owld Wheaze-belly Horse tyr'd : And then we were so cruelly loaden, that the two Fore-Wheels came crash ! down at once, in *Waggon-Rut Lane*, and there we lost four Hours 'fore we cou'd set things to rights again.

Man. So they bring all their Baggage with the Coach then ?

John Moody. Ay, ay, and good Store on't there is——Why, my Lady's Geer alone were as much as fill'd four Portmantel Trunks, beside the great Deal-Box, that heavy *Ralph* and the Monkey sit upon behind.

Lord Town. *Lady Grace.* and *Man.* Ha ! ha, ha !

Lady Grace. Well, Mr. *Moody*, and pray how many are they within the Coach ?

John Moody. Why there's my Lady, and his Worship ; and the younk Squaire, and Miss *Jenny*, and the fat Lap-Dog, and my Lady's Maid, Mrs. *Handy*, and
Doll

Doll Tripe the Cook, that's all——Only *Doll* puked a little with riding backward, so they hoisted her into the Coach-Box—And then her Stomach was easy.

Lady Grace. Oh! I see 'em! I see 'em go by me. Ah! ha!

[*Laughing*.

John Mood. Then you mun think, Measter, there was some Stowage for the Belly, as well as th' Back too; Children are apt to be famisht upo' the Road; so we had such Cargoes of Plumb-Cake, and Baskets of Tongues, and Biscuits, and Cheese, and cold boil'd Beef——And then, in case of Sicknesh, Bottles of Cherry Brandy, Plague water, Sack, Tent, and Strong Beer so plenty as made th' owld Coach crack again! Mercy upon them! and send 'em all well to Town, I say.

Man. Ay! And well out on't again, *John*.

John Mood. Ods bud! Measter, you're a wise Mon; and for that Matter, so am I——Whoam's whoam, I say: I'm sure we ha' got but little Good, e'er fin' we turn'd our Backs on't. Nothing but Mischief! Some Devil's Trick or other plagued us, awth' Dey lung! Crack! goes one thing: Bawnce! goes another. Woa, says *Roger*——Then sowse! we are all set fast in a Slough, Whaw! cries Miss! Scream go the Maids! and bawl, just as thof' they were stuck! And so Mercy on us! this was the Trade from Morning to Night. But my Lady was in such a murrain haste to be here, that set out she would, thof' I told her, it was *Childermas Day*.

Man. These Ladies, these Ladies, *John*——

John Mood. Ah, Measter? I ha' seen a little of 'em; And I find that the best——when she's mended, won't ha' much Goodness to spare.

Lord Town. Well said, *John*. Ha! ha!

Man. I hope at least, you and your good Woman agree still.

John Mood. Ay! ay! much of a Muchness. *Bridger* sticks to me: Tho' as for her Goodness—why, she was willing to come to *London* too——But hawld a Bit! Noa, noa, says I, there may be Mischief enough done, without you.

Man. Why that was bravely spoken, *John*, and like a Man.

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John Mood. Ah, weast Heart, were Measter but hawf the Mon that I am ——— Ods wookers! tho' he'll speak stawtly too sometimes—— But then he conno' hawld it ——— no! he conno' hawld it.

Lord Town. *Lady Grace.* *Man.* Ha! ha! ha!

John Mood. Ods flesh! But I mun hye me whoam! th' Coach will be coming every Hour naw—— but Measter charg'd me to find your Worship out; for he has hugey Businefs with you; and will certainly wait upon you, by that time he can put on a clean Neckcloth.

Man. O *John!* I'll wait upon him.

John Mood. Why you wonno' be so kind, wull ye?

Man. If you'll tell me where you lodge.

John Mood. Just i'th' Street next to where your Worship dwells, the Sign of the *Golden Ball*—— It's Gold all over; where they sell Ribbands and Flappits, and other sort of Geer for Gentlewomen.

Man. A Milliner's?

John Mood. Ay, ay, one Mrs. *Motherly*: Waunds! she has a Couple of clever Girls there stitching i'th' Fore-room.

Man. Yes, yes, she's a Woman of good Businefs, no doubt on't—— Who recommended that Houste to you, *John?*

John Mood. The greatest good Fortune in the World. sure! For as I was gaping about Streets, who should look out of the Window there, but the fine Gentleman, that was always riding by our Coach Side, at *York Races*—— Count—— *Bessit*; ay, that's he.

Man. *Basset*? Oh, I remember? I know him by Sight.

John Mood. Well! to be sure, as civil a Gentleman, to see to——

Man. As any Sharper in Town. [*Aside.*

John Mood. At *York*, he us'd to breakfast with my Lady every Morning.

Man. Yes, yes, and I suppose her Ladyship will return his Compliment here in Town. [*Aside.*

John Mood. Well, Measter——

Lord Town. My Service to Sir *Francis*, and my Lady, *John.*

Lady

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Lady Grace. And mine, pray *Mr. Moody*.

John Mood. Ay, your Honors, they'll be proud on'r, I dare say.

Man. I'll bring my Compliments myself: So, honest *John*.——

John Mood. Dear Measter *Manly*? the Goodness of Goodness bless and preserve you. [Exit John Moody.

Lord Town. What a natural Creature 'tis!

Lady Grace. Well! I can't but think *John*, in a wet Afternoon in the Country, must be very good Company.

Lord Town. O! the *Tramontane*! If this were known at half the *Quadrille*-Tables in Town, they would lay down their Cards to laugh at you,

Lady Grace. And the Minute they took them up again they would do the same at the Losers——But to let you see, that I think good Company may sometimes want Cards to keep them together: what think you, if we three sat soberly down, to kill an Hour at *Ombre*?

Man. I shall be too hard for you, Madam.

Lady Grace. No matter! I shall have as much Advantage of my Lord, as you have of me.

Lord Town. Say you so, Madam? Have at you, then! Here! Get the *Ombre*-Table, and Cards.

[Exit Lord Townly.

Lady Grace. Come, Mr. *Manly*——I know you don't forgive me now!

Man. I don't know whether I ought to forgive your thinking so, Madam. Where do you imagine I could pass my Time so agreeably?

Lady Grace. I'm sorry my Lord is not here to take his Share of the Compliment——But he'll wonder what's become of us!

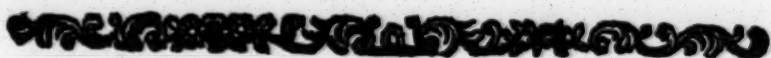
Man. I'll follow in a Moment, Madam——

[Exit Lady Grace.

It must be so——She sees I love her——yet with what unoffending Decency she avoids an Explanation? How amiable is every Hour of her Conduct? What a vile Opinion have I had of the whole Sex, for these ten Years past, which this sensible Creature has recover'd in less than One? Such a Companion, sure, might com-

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penfate all the irksome Difappointments, that Pride,
Folly, and Falshood ever gave me!

Could Women regulate, like her, their Lives,
What *Halcyon* Days were in the Gift of Wives!
Vain Rovers, then, might envy what they hate;
And only Fools would mock the Married State. [*Exit.*]



ACT II. SCENE I.

Mrs. Motherly's House.

Enter Count Basset and Mrs. Motherly.

Count *Bas.* **I** TELL you there is not such a Family in
England, for you! Do you think I would
have gone out of your Lodgings for any Body, that was
not sure to make you easy for the Winter?

Moth. Nay, I see nothing against it, Sir, but the
Gentleman's being a Parliament-Man; and when People
may, as it were, think one Impertinent, or be out of
Humour, you know, when a Body comes to ask for one's
own——

Count *Bas.* Pshaw! Pr'ythee never trouble thy Head—
His Pay is as good as the Bank! —Why, he has above
two thousand a Year!

Moth. Alas-a-day! that's nothing: Your People of
ten thousand a Year, have ten thousand things to do
with it.

Count *Bas.* Nay, if you are afraid of being out of your
Money; what do you think of going a little with me,
Mrs. Motherly?

Moth. As how?

Count *Bas.* Why I have a Game in my Hand, in which,
if you'll croup me, that is, help me to play it, you shall
go five hundred to nothing.

Moth. Say you so?—Why then, I go, Sir——
and now pray let's see your Game.

Count Bas. Look you in one Word, my Cards lie thus
—When I was down this Summer at *York*, I happen'd
to lodge in the same House with this Knight's Lady,
that's now coming to lodge with you.

Moth. Did you so, Sir?

Count Bas. And sometimes had the Honour to Break-
fast, and pass an idle Hour with her——

Moth. Very good; and here I suppose you would have
the Impudence to Sup, and be busy with her.

Count Bas. Pishah! pr'ythee hear me!

Moth. Is this your Game? I would not give Sixpence
for it! What, you have a Passion for her Pin-Money
——no, no, Country Ladies are not so flush of it!

Count Bas. Nay, if you won't have Patience——

Moth. One had need to have a good deal, I am sure,
to hear you talk at this rate! Is this your way of making
my poor Niece *Myrtilla* easy?

Count Bas. Death! I shall do it still, if the Woman
will but let me speak——

Moth. Had not you a Letter from her this Morning?

Count Bas. I have it here in my Pocket——this is it.

[*Shews it and puts it up again.*]

Moth. Ay, but I don't find you have made any An-
swer to it.

Count Bas. How the Devil can I, if you won't hear me!

Moth. What! hear you talk of another Woman?

Count Bas. O lud! O lud! I tell you, I'll make her
Fortune——'Ounds! I'll marry her.

Moth. A likely matter! if you would not do it when
she was a Maid, your Stomach is not so sharp set now,
I presume.

Count Bas. Hey day! why your Head begins to turn,
my Dear! the Devil! you did not think I propos'd to
marry her myself!

Moth. If you don't, who the Devil do you think will
marry her?

Count Bas. Why, a Fool——

Moth. Humph! there may be Sense in that——

Count Bas. Very good——One for t'other then; if I
can

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can help her to a Husband, why should not you come into my Scheme of helping me to a Wife?

Moth. Your Pardon, Sir! ay! ay! in an honourable Affair, you know you may command me——but pray where is this blessed Wife and Husband to be had?

Count Bas. Now have a little Patience——You must know then, this Country Knight, and his Lady, bring up, in the Coach with them, their eldest Son and a Daughter, to teach them to——wash their Faces, and turn their Toes out.

Moth. Good!

Count Bas. The Son is an unlick'd Whelp, about sixteen, just taken from School; and begins to hanker after every Wench in the Family: The Daughter, much of the same Age, a pert, forward Hussy, who having eight thousand Pound left her by an old doting Grandmother, seems to have a devilish Mind to be doing in her Way too.

Moth. And your Design is, to put her into Business for Life?

Count Bas. Look you, in short, Mrs. Motherly, we Gentlemen, whose occasional Chariots roll, only, upon the four Aces, are liable sometimes, you know, to have a Wheel out of Order: Which, I confess, is so much my Case at present, that my Dapple Grays are reduc'd to a Pair of Ambling Chairmen: Now, if with your Assistance, I can whip up this young Jade into a Hackney-Coach, I may chance, in a Day or two after, to carry her in my own Chariot, *en famille*, to an Opera. Now what do you say to me?

Moth. Why, I shall not sleep —— for thinking of it. But how will you prevent the Family's smoking your Design?

Count Bas. By renewing my Addresses to the Mother.

Moth. And how will the Daughter like that, think you?

Count Bas. Very well——whilst it covers her own Affair.

Moth. That's true——it must do——but, as you say, one for t'other Sir, I stick to that——if you don't do my Niece's Business with the Son, I'll blow you with the Daughter, depend upon't.

Count

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Count *Baf.* It's a Bett—pay as we go, I tell you, and the five hundred shall be stak'd, in a third Hand.

Moth. That's honest——But here comes my Niece! shall we let her into the Secret?

Count *Baf.* Time enough! may be, I may touch upon it.

Enter Myrtilia.

Moth. So Niece, are all the Rooms done out, and the Beds sheeted?

Myr. Yes, Madam, but Mr. *Moody* tells us the Lady always burns Wax, in her own Chamber, and we have none in the House.

Moth. Odso! then I must beg your Pardon, Count; this is a busy Time you know. [*Exit Mrs. Motherly.*]

Count *Baf.* *Myrtilia!* how dost thou do, Child?

Myr. As well as a losing Gamester can.

Count *Baf.* Why, what have you lost?

Myr. What I shall never recover; and what's worse, you that have won it, don't seem to be much the better for't.

Count *Baf.* Why Child, dost thou ever see any body overjoy'd for winning a deep Stake, six Months after 'tis over.

Myr. Would I had never play'd for it!

Count *Baf.* Pishah! Hang these melancholy Thoughts! we may be Friends still.

Myr. Dull ones.

Count *Baf.* Useful ones perhaps——suppose I should help thee to a good Husband?

Myr. I suppose you'll think any one good enough, that will take me off o' your hands.

Count *Baf.* What do you think of the young Country 'Squire, the Heir of the Family, that's coming to lodge here?

Myr. How should I know what to think of him?

Count *Baf.* Nay, I only give you the Hint, Child; it may be worth your while, at least, to look about you——Hark! what Buffle's that without.

Enter Mrs. Motherly in haste.

Moth. Sir! Sir! the Gentleman's Coach is at the Door! they are all come!

Count

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Count *Baf.* What, already?

Moth. They are just getting out!—won't you step and lead in my Lady? Do you be in the way, Niece! I must run and receive them. [*Exit Mrs. Motherly.*]

Count *Baf.* And think of what I told you. [*Exit Count.*]

Myr. Ay! ay! you have left me enough to think of, as long as I live——a faithless Fellow! I am sure, I have been true to him; and for that only Reason, he wants to be rid of me: But while Women are weak, Men will be Rogues! And for a Bane to both their Joys and ours; when our Vanity indulges them, in such innocent Favours as make them adore us; we can never be well, 'till we grant them the very one, that puts an end to their Devotion——But here comes my Aunt, and the Company.

Mrs. Motherly returns, shewing in Lady Wronghead, led by Count Basset.

Moth. If your Ladyship pleases to walk into this Parlour, Madam, only for the present, 'till your Servants have got all your Things in.

Lady Wrong. Well! dear Sir, this is so infinitely obliging!——I protest it gives me Pain tho', to turn you out of your Lodging thus!

Count *Baf.* No Trouble in the least, Madam; we fingle Fellows are soon mov'd; besides, *Mrs. Motherly's* my old Acquaintance, and I could not be her Hindrance.

Moth. The Count is so well-bred, Madam, I dare say he would do a great deal more, to accommodate your Ladyship.

Lady Wrong. O dear Madam!——A good well-bred sort of a Woman. [*Apart to the Count.*]

Count *Baf.* O Madam, she is very much among People of Quality, she is seldom without them, in her House.

Lady Wrong. Are there a good many People of Quality in this Street, *Mrs. Motherly*?

Moth. Now your Ladyship is here, Madam, I don't believe there is a House without them.

Lady Wrong. I am mighty glad of that: for really I think People of Quality should always live among one another.

Count

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Count *Bas*. 'Tis what one would choose indeed, Madam.

Lady *Wrong*. Bless me ! but where are the Children all this while ?

Moth. Sir *Francis*, Madam, I believe is taking care of them.

Sir *Fran*. [*within*.] John *Moody* ! stay you by the Coach, and see all our Things out—Come, Children.

Moth. Here they are, Madam.

Enter Sir *Francis*, Squire *Richard*, and Miss *Jenny*.

Sir *Fran*. Well, Count ! I mun say it, this was koynd, indeed !

Count *Bas*. Sir *Francis* ? give me leave to bid you welcome to *London*.

Sir *Fran*. Pshah ! how dost do, Mon——Waunds, I'm glad to see thee ! A good sort of a House this !

Count *Bas*. Is not that Master *Richard* ?

Sir *Fran*. Ey ! Ey ! that's young hopeful——why dost not baw, *Dick* ?

Squ. *Rich*. So I do, Feyther.

Count *Bas*. Sir I'm glad to see you——I protest Mrs. *Jane* is grown so, I should not have known her.

Sir *Fran*. Come forward, *Jenny*.

Jenny. Sure, Papa, do you think I don't know how to behave myself ?

Count *Bas*. If I have Permission to approach her, Sir *Francis*.

Jenny. Lord, Sir, I'm in such a frightful Pickle——
[*Salute*.

Count *Bas*. Every Dress that's proper must become you, Madam,—you have been a long Journey.

Jenny. I hope you will see me in a better, to-morrow, Sir.

[*Lady Wrong*. *whispers* Mrs. *Moth*. *pointing* to *Myrtilla*.

Moth. Only a Niece of mine, Madam, that lives with me : she will be proud to give your Ladyship any Assistance in her Power.

Lady *Wrong*. A pretty sort of a young Woman——
Jenny, you two must be acquainted.

Jenny.

40 *The PROVOK'D HUSBAND; or,*

Jenny. O, Mamma! I am never strange, in a strange Place!

[*Salutes Myrtille.*]

Myr. You do me a great deal of Honour, Madam—
Madam, your Ladyship's welcome to *London*.

Jenny. Mamma! I like her prodigiously! she call'd me my Ladyship.

Squ. Rich. Pray Mother, mayn't I be acquainted with her too!

Lady Wrong. You! you Clown! stay 'till you learn a little more Breeding first.

Sir Fran. Od's Heart! my Lady *Wronghead*! why do you balk the Lad? how should he ever learn Breeding, if he does not put himself forward?

Squ. Rich. Why ay, Feather, does Moather think 'at I'd be uncivil to her?

Myr. Master has so much Good-humour, Madam, he would soon gain upon any Body.

[*He Kisses Myr.*]

Squ. Rich. Lo' you there, Moather: and you would but be quiet, she and I should do well enough.

Lady Wrong. Why, how now, Sirrah! Boys must not be so familiar.

Squ. Rich. Why, 'an I know no body, haw the Murrain mun I pass my Time here, in a strange Place? Naw you and I, and Sister, forsooth, sometimes, in an Afternoon, may play at One and thirty Bone-Ace, purely.

Jenny. Speak for yourself, Sir! D'ye think I play at such Clownish Games?

Squ. Rich. Why and you woant yo' ma' let it aloane; then she, and I, mayhap, will have a bawt at All fours, without you.

Sir Fran. Noa! Noa! *Dick*, that won't do neither; you mun learn to make one at Ombre, here, Child.

Myr. If Master pleases, I'll shew it him.

Squ. Rich. What! the *Humber*! Hoy day! why does our River run to this Tawn, Feather?

Sir Fran. Pooh! you silly Tony! Ombre is a Geam at Cards, that the better Sort of People play three together at.

Squ. Rich. Nay the moare the merrier, I say; but Sister is always so cross grain'd—

Jenny. Lord! this Boy is enough to deaf People—
and one has really been stuf't up in a Coach so long,

that

A JOURNEY to LONDON. 41

that——Pray Madam——could not I get a little Powder for my Hair?

Myr. If you please to come along with me, Madam.

[*Exeunt Myr. and Jenny.*]

Squ. Rich. What has Sister ta'en her away now! mefs, I'll go and have a little game with 'em. [*Ex. after them.*]

Lady Wrong. Well, Count, I hope you won't so far change your Lodgings, but you will come, and be at home here sometimes?

Sir Fran. Ay, ay! pr'ythee come and take a bit of Mutton with us, naw and tan, when thouh't nowght to do.

Count Bas. Well, *Sir Francis*, you shall find I'll make but very little Ceremony.

Sir Fran. Why ay naw, that's hearty!

Moth. Will your Ladyship please to refresh yourself, with a Dish of Tea, after your Fatigue? I think I have pretty good.

Lady Wrong. If you please, *Mrs Motherly*; but I believe we had best have it above Stairs.

Moth. Very well, Madam: it shall be ready immediately. [*Exit Mrs. Motherly.*]

Lady Wrong. Won't you walk up, Sir?

Sir Fran. Moody!

Count Bas. Shan't we stay for *Sir Francis*, Madam?

Lady Wrong. Lard! don't mind him! he will come if he likes it.

Sir Fran. Ay, ay! ne'er heed me——I ha' things to look after. [*Exeunt Lady Wrong. and Count Bas.*]

Enter John Moody.

John Moody. Did you Worship want muh?

Sir Fran. Ay, is the Coach clear'd? and all our Things in?

John Moody. Aw but a few Band-boxes, and the Nook that's left o'th' Goose Poy——But a Plague on him, th' Monkey has gin us the slip, I think——I suppose he's goon, to see his Relations; for here looks to be a Power of 'um in this Tawn——but heavy *Ralph* is skawer'd after him.

Sir Fran. Why, let him go to the Devil! no matter, and

42 *The PROVOK'D HUSBAND; or,*

and the Hawnds had had him a Month agoe——
but I wish the Coach and Horfes were got safe to th'
Inn! This is a sharp Tawn, we mun look about us
here, *John*, therefore I would have you go along with
Roger, and see that nobody runs away with them before
they get to the Stable.

John Moody. Alas-a-day, Sir: I believe our awld Cattle
woant yeasily be run away with to-night—but howsom-
dever, we'll ta' the best care we can of um, poor Sawls.

Sir Fran. Well, well! make haste then——

[*Moody goes out, and returns.*]

John Moody. Ods Flesh! here's Master *Monly* come to
wait upo' your Worship!

Sir Fran. Where is he?

John Mood. Just coming in at Threshould.

Sir Fran. Then goa about your Business. [*Ex. Moody.*]

Enter Manly.

Cousin *Monly*! Sir, I am your very humble Servant.

Man. I heard you were come, Sir *Francis*—and——

Sir Fran. Odsheart! this was so kindly done of you naw.

Man. I wish you may think it so, Cousin! for I con-
fess, I should have been better pleas'd to have seen you
in any other Place.

Sir Fran. How soa, Sir?

Man. Nay, 'tis for your own sake: I'm not concern'd.

Sir Fran. Look you, Cousin! thof' I know you wish
me well; yet I don't question I shall give you such
weighty Reasons for what I have done, that you will
say, Sir, this is the wisest Journey that ever I made in
my Life.

Man. I think it ought to be, Cousin; for I believe,
you will find it the most expensive one—your Election
did not cost you a Trifle, I suppose.

Sir Fran. Why ay! it's true! That—that did lick a
little; but if a Man's wife, (and I han't fawn'd yet that
I'm a Fool) there are ways, Cousin, to lick one's self
whole again.

Man. Nay if you have that Secret——

Sir Fran. Don't you be fearful, Cousin——you'll
find that I know something.

Man.

A JOURNEY to LONDON. 43

Man. If it be any thing for your good, I should be glad to know it too.

Sir Fran. In short then, I have a Friend in a Corner, that has let me a little into what's What, at *Westminster*——that's one Thing.

Man. Very well! but what Good is that to do you?

Sir Fran. Why not me, as much as it does other Folks?

Man. Other People, I doubt, have the Advantage of different Qualifications.

Sir Fran. Why ay! there's it naw! you'll say that I have lived all my Days i'the Country——what then——I'm o'the *Quorum*——I have been at Sessions, and I have made Speeches there! ay, and at Vestry too——and may hap they may find here,——that I have brought my Tongue up to Town with me! D'ye take me, naw?

Man. If I take your Case right, Cousin; I am afraid the first Occasion you will have for your Eloquence here, will be, to shew that you have any Right to make use of it at all.

Sir Fran. How d'ye mean?

Man. That Sir *John Worthland* has lodg'd a Petition against you.

Sir Fran. Petition! why ay! there let it lie——we'll find a way to deal with that, I warrant you!——why, you forget, Cousin, Sir *John's* o'the wrung side, Mon!

Man. I doubt, Sir *Francis*, that will do you but little Service; for in Cases very notorious (which I take yours to be) there is such a Thing as a short Day, and dispatching them immediately.

Sir Fran. With all my Heart! the sooner I send him home again the better.

Man. And this is the Scheme you have laid down, to repair your Fortune?

Sir Fran. In one word, Cousin, I think it my Duty! the *Wrongheads* have been a considerable Family, ever since *England* was *England*; and since the World knows I have Talents where-withal; they shan't say it's my Fault, if I don't make as good a Figure as any that ever were at the Head on't.

Man.

44 *The PROVOK'D HUSBAND; or,*

Man. Nay! this Project as you have laid it, will come up to any thing your Ancestors have done these five hundred Years.

Sir Fran. And let me alone to work it! mayhap I hav'n't told you all, neither——

Man. You astonish me! what! and is it full as practicable as what you have told me!

Sir Fran. Ay, thof' I say it——every whit, Cousin? you'll find that I have more Irons i'the Fire than one! I doan't come of a Fool's Errand!

Man. Very well.

Sir Fran. In a word, my Wife has got a Friend at Court, as well as myself, and her Dowghter *Jenny* is naw pretty well grown up——

Man. [*Aside.*]——And what in the Devil's Name would he do with the Dowdy?

Sir Fran. Naw, if I doan't lay in for a Husband for her, mayhap i'this Tawn, she may be looking out for herself——

Man. Not unlikely.

Sir Fran. Therefore I have some Thoughts of getting her to be Maid of Honour.

Man. [*Aside.*] Oh! he has taken my Breath away! but I must hear him out——Pray *Sir Francis*, do you think her Education has yet qualified her for a Court?

Sir Fran. Why, the Girl is a little too mettlesome, it's true! but she has Tongue enough: She woan't be dasht! Then she shall learn to daunce forthwith, and that will soon teach her how to stond still, you know.

Man. Very well; but when she is thus accomplisht, you must still wait for a Vacancy.

Sir Fran. Why I hope one has a good Chance for that every Day, Cousin! For if I take it right, that's a Post, that Folks are not more willing to get into, than they are to get out of——It's like an Orange-Tree, upon that accawnt——it will bear Blossoms, and Fruit that's ready to drop, at the same time.

Man. Well, Sir, you best know how to make good your Pretensions! But pray where is my Lady, and my young Cousins? I should be glad to see them too.

Sir

A JOURNEY to LONDON. 45

Sir Fran. She is but just taking a Dish a Tea with the Count, and my Landlady—I'll call her dawn.

Man. No, no, if she's engag'd, I shall call again.

Sir Fran. Ods-heart ! but you mun see her naw, Cousin ; what ! the best Friend I have in the World !
—Here ! Sweet-heart ! [*To a Servant without.*]
pr'ythee desire my Lady, and the Gentleman to come down a bit ; tell her here's Cousin Manly come to wait upon her.

Man. Pray, Sir, who may the Gentleman be ?

Sir Fran. You mun know him to be sure ; why it's Count Bassett.

Man. Oh ! is it he ?—Your Family will be infinitely happy in his Acquaintance.

Sir Fran. Troth ! I think so too : He's the civilest Man that ever I knew in my Life——why ! here he would go out of his own Lodgings, at an Hour's Warning, purely to oblige my Family. Wasn't that kind, naw ?

Man. Extremely civil—the Family is in admirable Hands already !

Sir Fran. Then my Lady likes him hugely—all the Time of York Races, she would never be without him.

Man. That was happy indeed ! and a prudent Man, you know, should always take care that his Wife may have innocent Company.

Sir Fran. Why ay ! that's it ! and I think there could not be such another !

Man. Why truly, for her Purpose, I think not.

Sir Fran. Only naw and tan, he—he stonds a leetle too much upon Ceremony ; that's his Fault.

Man. O never fear ! he'll mend that every Day——Mercy on us ! what a Head he has !

Sir Fran. So ! here they come !

Enter Lady Wronghead, Count Bassett, and Mrs. Motherly.

Lady Wrong. Cousin Manly ! this is infinitely obliging ! I am extremely glad to see you.

Man. Your most obedient Servant, Madam ; I am glad to see your Ladyship look so well, after your Journey.

Lady

Sir

46 *The PROVOK'D HUSBAND; or,*

Lady Wrong. Why really! coming to *London* is apt to put a little more Life in one's Looks.

Man. Yet the Way of living here, is very apt to deaden the Complexion——and give me leave to tell you, as a Friend, Madam, you are come to the worst Place in the World, for a good Woman to grow better in.

Lady Wrong. Lord, Cousin! how should People ever make any Figure in Life, that are always moap'd up in the Country?

Count Basf. Your Ladyship certainly takes the Thing in a quite right Light, Madam: Mr. *Manly*, your humble Servant——a hem.

Man. Familiar Puppy. [*Aside.*] Sir, your most obedient——I must be civil to the Rascal, to cover my Suspicion of him. [*Aside.*]

Count Basf. Was you at *White's* this Morning, Sir?

Man. Yes, Sir, I just call'd in.

Count Basf. Pray——what——was there any thing done there?

Man. Much as usual, Sir; the same daily Carcases, and the same Crows about them.

Count Basf. The *Demoiselle-Baronet* had a bloody Tumble Yesterday.

Man. I hope, Sir, you had your Share of him.

Count Basf. No, faith! I came in when it was all over——I think I just made a couple of Bets with him, took up a cool hundred, and so went to the *King's Arms*.

Lady Wrong. What a genteel, easy Manner he has!

Man. A very hopeful Acquaintance I have made here.

Enter Squire Richard, with a wet brown Paper on his Face.

Sir Fran. How naw, *Dick*! what's the matter with thy Forehead, Lad?

Squ. Rich. I ha' gotten a knuck upon't.

Lady Wrong. And how did you come by it, you heedless Creature?

Squ. Rich.

Squ. *Rich.* Why, I was but running after Sister, and t'other young Woman, into a little Room just naw : and so with that, they flapt the Door full in my Feace, and gave me such a whurr here—I thought they had beaten my Brains out ! so I gut a dab of wet brown Paper here, to swage it a while.

Lady *Wrong.* They serv'd you right enough ! will you never have done with your Horse-play ?

Sir *Fran.* Pooh ? never heed it, Lad ! it will be well by to-morrow—the Boy has a strong Head !

Man. Yes, truly, his Scull seems to be of a comfortable Thickness. [*Aside.*

Sir *Fran.* Come, *Dick*, here's Cousin *Manly*—Sir, this is your God-son.

Lady *Wrong.* Oh ! here's my Daughter too.

Enter Miss Jenny.

Squ. *Rich.* Honour'd Gudfeyther ! I crave leave to ask your Blessing.

Man. Thou hast it, Child—and if it will do thee any good, may it be to make thee, at least, as wise a Man as thy Father.

Lady *Wrong.* Miss *Jenny* ! don't you see your Cousin, Child ?

Man. And as for thee, my pretty Dear—[*Salutes her.*] may'st thou be, at least, as good a Woman, as thy Mother.

Jenny. I wish I may ever be so handsom, Sir.

Man. Hah ! Miss *Pert* ! Now that's a Thought, that seems to have been hatcht in the Girl on this side *Highgate*. [*Aside.*

Sir *Fran.* Her Tongue is a little nimble, Sir.

Lady *Wrong.* That's only from her Country Education, Sir *Francis*. You know she has been kept too long there—so I brought her to *London*, Sir, to learn a little more Reserve and Modesty.

Man. O, the best Place in the World for it—every Woman she meets will teach her something of it—There's the good Gentlewoman of the House, looks like a knowing Person ; even she perhaps will be so good as to shew her a little *London* Behaviour.

Moth.

48 *The PROVOK'D HUSBAND; or,*

Moth. Alas, Sir, Miss won't stand long in need of my Instruction.

Man. That I dare say: What thou can't teach her, she will soon be Mistress of. [*Aside.*]

Moth. If she does, Sir, they shall always be at her service.

Lady Wrong. Very obliging indeed, Mrs. *Motherly*.

Sir Fran. Very kind and civil, truly—I think we are got into a mighty good Hawse here.

Man. O yes. and very friendly Company.

Count Basf. Humh! I'gad I don't like his Looks—he seems a little smoky—I believe I had as good brush off—I stay, I don't know but he may ask me some odd Questions.

Man. Well, Sir, I believe you and I do but hinder the Family——

Count Basf. It's very true, Sir—I was just thinking of going—He don't care to leave me, I see: But it's no matter, we have time enough. [*Aside.*] And so Ladies, without Ceremony, your humble Servant.

[*Exit Count Bassett, and drops a Letter.*]

Lady Wrong. Ha! what Paper's this? Some Billet-doux I'll lay my Life, but this is no Place to examine it.

[*Puts it in her Pocket.*]

Sir Fran. Why in such haste, Cousin?

Man. O! my Lady must have a great many Affairs upon her Hands, after such a Journey.

Lady Wrong. I believe, Sir, I shall not have much less every Day, while I stay in this Town, of one sort or other.

Man. Why truly, Ladies seldom want Employment here, Madam.

Jenny. And Mamma did not come to it to be idle, Sir.

Man. Nor you neither, I dare say, my young Mistress.

Jenny. I hope not, Sir.

Man. Ha! Miss Mettle!——Where are you going Sir?

Sir Fran. Only to see you to the Door, Sir.

Man. Oh! Sir Francis, I love to come and go, without Ceremony.

Sir

Sir *Fran.* Nay, Sir, I must do as you will have me—
your humble Servant. [Exit *Manly*.]

Jenny. This Cousin *Manly*, Papa, seems to be but of
an odd sort of a crusty Humour—I don't like him half
so well as the Count.

Sir *Fran.* Pooh! that's another thing, Child—
Cousin is a little proud indeed! but however you must
always be civil to him, for he has a deal of Money; and
no body knows who he may give it to.

Lady *Wrong.* Pshaw; a Fig for his Money, you have
so many Projects of late about Money, since you are
a Parliament Man: What! we must make ourselves
Slaves to his impertinent Humours, eight, or ten Years
perhaps, in hopes to be his Heirs, and then he will be
just old enough to marry his Maid.

Moth. Nay, for that matter, Madam, the Town says
he is going to be married already.

Sir *Fran.* Who? Cousin *Manly*?

Lady *Wrong.* To whom, pray?

Moth. Why, is it possible your Ladyship should know
nothing of it!—to my Lord *Townly's* Sister, Lady
Grace.

Lady *Wrong.* Lady *Grace*?

Moth. Dear Madam, it has been in the News-Papers!

Lady *Wrong.* I don't like that neither.

Sir *Fran.* Naw, I do; for then it's likely it mayn't
be true.

Lady *Wrong.* [Aside.] If it is not too far gone; at
least it may be worth one's while to throw a rub in his
way.

Squ. *Rich.* Pray, Feyther, haw lung will it be to
Supper?

Sir *Fran.* Odsfo! that's true! step to the Cook, Lad,
and ask what she can get us?

Moth. If you please, Sir, I'll order one of my Maids
to shew her where she may have any thing you have a
mind to.

Sir *Fran.* Thank you kindly, Mrs. *Motherly*.

Squ. *Rich.* Ods-flesh! what is not it i'the Hawse yet
—I shall be famisht—but howld! I'll go and ask
Doll, an there's none o'the Goose Poy left.

50 *The PROVOK'D HUSBAND; or,*

Sir Fran. Do so, and do'st hear, *Dick*———see if there's e'er a Bottle o'th' strong Beer that came i'th' Coach with us——if there be, clap a Toast in it, and bring it up.

Squ. Rich. With a little Nutmeg and Sugar, shawn't I, Feyther?

Sir Fran. Ay! ay! as thee and I always drink it for Breakfast—Go thy Ways!——and I'll fill a Pipe i'th' mean while. [*Takes one from a Pocket-Case, and fills it.*]

[*Exit Squ. Rich.*

Lady Wrong. This Boy is always thinking of his Belly!

Sir Fran. Why my Dear, you may allow him to be a little hungry after his Journey.

Lady Wrong. Nay, ev'n breed him your own way—He has been cramming in or out of the Coach all this Day I am sure—I wish my poor Girl could eat a quarter as much.

Jenny. O as for that I could eat a great deal more, Mamma; but then mayhap, I should grow coarse, like him, and spoil my shape.

Lady Wrong. Ay, so thou would'st, my Dear.

Enter Squire Richard with a full Tankard.

Squ. Rich. Here, Feyther, I ha' browght it——it's well I went as I did; for our *Doll* had just bak'd a Toast, and was going to drink it herself.

Sir Fran. Why then, here's to thee, *Dick*! [*Drinks.*

Squ. Rich. Thonk yow, Feyther.

Lady Wrong. Lord! *Sir Francis*! I wonder you can encourage the Boy to swill so much of that lubberly Liquor——it's enough to make him quite stupid.

Squ. Rich. Why it never hurts me, Mother; and I sleep like a Hawnd after it. [*Drinks.*

Sir Fran. I am sure I ha' drunk it these thirty Years, and by your Leave, Madam, I don't know that I want Wit: Ha! ha!

Jenny. But you might have had a great deal more, Papa, if you would have been govern'd by my Mother.

Sir Fran. Daughter! he that is governed by his Wife, has no Wit at all.

Jenny.

A JOURNEY to LONDON. 51

Jenny. Then I hope I shall marry a Fool, Sir; for I love to govern dearly.

Sir Fran. You are too pert, Child; it don't do well in a young Woman.

Lady Wrong. Pray, *Sir Francis*, don't snub her; she has a fine growing Spirit, and if you check her so, you will make her as dull as her Brother there.

Squ. Rich. [After a long Draught.] Indeed, Mother, I think my Sister is too forward.

Jenny. You! you think I'm too forward! sure! Brother Mud! your Head's too heavy to think of any thing but your Belly.

Lady Wrong. Well said, Miss; he's none of your Master, tho' he is your elder Brother.

Squ. Rich. No, nor she shawn't be my Mistress, while she's younger Sister!

Sir Fran. Well said *Dick*! shew 'em that stawt Liquor makes a stawt Heart, Lad!

Squ. Rich. So I will! and I'll drink ageen, for all her! [Drinks.]

Enter John Moody.

Sir Fran. So *John*! how are the Horses!

John Moody. Troth, Sir, I ha' noa good Opinion o' this Tawn, it's made up o' Mischief, I think!

Sir Fran. What's the Matter naw?

John Moody. Why I'll tell your Worshipp—before we were gotten to th' Street End, with the Coach, here, a great Lugerheaded Cart, with Wheels as thick as a brick Wall, laid hawld on't, and has poo'd it aw to Bits; Crack! went the Perch! Down goes the Coach! and Whang! says the Glasses, all to Shivers! Marcy upon us! and this be *London*! would we were aw weell in the Country ageen!

Jenny. What have you to do, to wish us all in the Country again, Mr. Lubber? I hope we shall not go into the Country again these seven Years, Mamma; let twenty Coaches be pull'd to pieces.

Sir Fran. Hold your Tongue, *Jenny*!—Was *Roger* in no Fault, in all this?

John Mood. Noa, Sir, nor I, noather—are not yow asheam'd, says *Roger* to the Carter, to do such an unkind thing by Strangers? Noa, says he, you Bumkin. Sir, he did the thing on very Purpose! and so the Folks said that stood by—Very well, says *Roger*, yow shall see what our Meyster will say to ye! Your Meyster? says he; your Meyster may kiss my—and so he clapt his Hand just there, and like your Worship. Flesh! I thought they had better Breeding in this Tawn.

Sir Fran. I'll teach this Rascal some, I'll warrant him! Odsbud! if I take him in Hand, I'll play the Devil with him.

Squ. Rich. Ay do, Feyther; have him before the Parliament.

Sir Fran. Odsbud! and so I will—I will make him know who I am! Where does he live?

John Moody. I believe, in London, Sir.

Sir Fran. What's the Rascal's Name!

John Moody. I think I heard somebody call him *Dick*.

Squ. Rich. What, my Name!

Sir Fran. Where did he go!

John Moody. Sir, he went home.

Sir Fran. Where's that?

John Moody. By my Troth, Sir, I doan't know! I heard him say he would cross the same Street again to-morrow; and if we had a mind to stand in his way, he wou'd pool us over and over again.

Sir Fran. Will he so! Odszooks! get me a Constable.

Lady Wrong. Pooh! get you a good Supper. Come, *Sir Francis*, don't put yourself in a Heat for what can't be helpt. Accidents will happen to People that travel abroad to see the World——For my part, I think it's a Mercy it was not over-turn'd before we were all out on't.

Sir Fran. Why ay, that's true again, my Dear.

Lady Wrong. Therefore see to-morrow if we can buy one at Second-hand, for present Use; so bespeak a new one, and then all's easy.

John Moody. Why troth, Sir, I doan't think this could have held you above a Day longer.

Sir Fran. D'ye think so, *John*?

John

A JOURNEY to LONDON. 53

John Moody. Why you ha' had it, ever since your Worship were High Sheriff.

Sir Fran. Why then go and see what *Doll* has got us for Supper—and come and get off my Boots.

[*Exit Sir Fran.*]

Lady Wrong. In the mean time, Miss, do you step to *Handy*, and bid her get me some fresh Night-clothes.

[*Exit Lady Wrong.*]

Jenny. Yes, Mamma, and some for myself too.

[*Exit Jenny.*]

Squ. Rich. Odsflesh! and what mun I do all alone?

I'll e'en seek out where t'other pratty Miss is,
And she and I'll go play at Cards for Kisses. [*Exit.*]



ACT III. SCENE I.

SCENE, *the Lord Townly's House.*

Enter Lord Townly, a Servant attending.

Lord Town. WHO's there!
Serv. My Lord.

Lord Town. Bid them get Dinner——*Lady Grace,*
your Servant.

Enter Lady Grace.

Lady Grace. What, is the House up already? My Lady is not drest yet!

Lord Town. No matter—it's three o'Clock—she may break my Rest, but she shall not alter my Hours.

Lady Grace. Nay, you need not fear that now, for she dines abroad.

Lord Town. That, I suppose, is only an Excuse for her not being ready yet.

54 *The PROVOK'D HUSBAND; or,*

Lady Grace. No, upon my Word, she is engaged in Company.

Lord Town. Where, pray?

Lady Grace. At my *Lady Revel's*; and you know they never dine 'till Supper-time.

Lord Town. No truly——she is one of those orderly Ladies, who never let the Sun shine upon any of their Vices!——But pr'ythee, Sister, what Humour is she in to-day?

Lady Grace. O! in tip-top Spirits, I can assure you——she won a good deal, last Night.

Lord Town. I know no Difference between her Winning or Losing, while she continues her course of Life.

Lady Grace. However she is better in good Humour, than bad.

Lord Town. Much alike: When she is in good Humour, other People only are the better for it: When in a very ill Humour, then, indeed, I seldom fail to have my Share of her.

Lady Grace. Well, we won't talk of that now——Does any Body dine here?

Lord Town. Manly promis'd me——by the way, Madam, what do you think of his last Conversation?

Lady Grace.——I am a little at a Stand about it.

Lord Town. How so?

Lady Grace. Why——I don't know how he can ever have any Thoughts of me, that could lay down such severe Rules upon Wives, in my hearing.

Lord Town. Did you think his Rules unreasonable?

Lady Grace. I can't say I did: But he might have had a little more Complaisance before me, at least.

Lord Town. Complaisance is only a Proof of good Breeding: But his Plainness was a certain Proof of his Honesty; nay, of his good Opinion of you: For he would never have open'd himself so freely, but in confidence that your good Sense could not be disobligh'd at it.

Lady Grace. My good Opinion of him, Brother, has hitherto been guided by yours: But I have receiv'd a Letter this Morning that shews him a very different Man from what I thought him.

Lord Town. A Letter from whom?

Lady

Lady Grace. That I don't know, but there it is.

[Gives a Letter.

Lord Town. Pray let's see.

[Reads.

The Inclos'd, Mudam, fell accidentally into my Hands; if it no way concerns you, you will only have the trouble of reading this, from your sincere Friend and humble Servant, Unknown, &c.

Lady Grace. And this was the inclos'd. [Giving another.

Lord Town. [Reads.] *To Charles Manly, Esq;*

Your manner of living with me of late, convinces me, that I now grow as painful to you, as to myself: but however, though you can love me no longer, I hope, you will not let me live worse than I did, before I left an honest Income, for the vain Hopes of being ever Yours.

Myrtilla Dupe.

P. S. 'Tis above four Months since I receiv'd a Shilling from you.

Lady Grace. What think you now?

Lord Town. I am considering——

Lady Grace. You see it's directed to him——

Lord Town. That's true! but the Postscript seems to be a Reproach, that I think he is not capable of deserving.

Lady Grace. But who could have Concern enough, to send it to me?

Lord Town. I have observed that these sort of Letters from unknown Friends, generally come from secret Enemies.

Lady Grace. What would you have me do in it?

Lord Town. What I think you ought to do——fairly shew it him, and say I advis'd you to it.

Lady Grace. Will not that have a very odd Look, from me?

Lord Town. Not at all, if you use my Name in it: if he is innocent, his Impatience to appear so, will discover his Regard to you: If he is Guilty, it will be your best way of preventing his Addresses.

Lady Grace. But what Pretence have I to put him out of Countenance?

Lord Town. I can't think there's any fear of that.

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Lady Grace. Pray what is't you do think then?

Lord Town. Why certainly, that it's much more probable, this Letter may be all an Artifice, than that he is in the least concern'd in it——

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Mr. Manly, my Lord

Lord Town. Do you receive him; while I step a Minute in to my Lady. *[Exit Lord Townly.]*

Enter Manly.

Man. Madam, your most Obedient; they told me, my Lord was here.

Lady Grace. He will be here presently: He is but just gone in to my Sister.

Man. So! then my Lady dines with us.

Lady Grace. No; she is engag'd.

Man. I hope you are not of her Party, Madam?

Lady Grace. Not till after Dinner.

Man. And pray how may she have dispos'd of the rest of the Day?

Lady Grace. Much as usual! she has Visits 'till about eight; after that 'till Court time, she is to be at Quadrille, at Mrs. Idle's: After the Drawing room, she takes a short Supper with my Lady Moonlight. And from thence, they go together to my Lord Noble's Assembly.

Man. And are you to do all this with her, Madam?

Lady Grace. Only a few of the Visits; I would indeed have drawn her to the Play; but I doubt we have so much upon our Hands, that it will not be practicable.

Man. But how can you forbear all the rest of it?

Lady Grace. There's no great Merit in forbearing, what one is not charm'd with.

Man. And yet I have found that very difficult in my time.

Lady Grace. How do you mean?

Man. Why, I have pass'd a great deal of my Life, in the hurry of the Ladies, though I was generally better pleas'd when I was at quiet without 'em.

Lady Grace. What induc'd you, then, to be with them?

Man. Idleness, and the Fashion.

Lady Grace. No Mistresses in the case?

Man. To speak honestly—Yes—being often in the Toyshop, there was no forbearing the Bawbles.

Lady Grace. And of course, I suppose sometimes you were tempted to pay for them, twice as much as they were worth.

Man. Why really, where Fancy only makes the Choice, Madam, no wonder if we are generally bubbled, in those sort of Bargains, which I confess has been often my Case: For I had constantly some Coquette, or other, upon my Hands, whom I could love perhaps just enough, to put it in her Power to plague me.

Lady Grace. And that's a Pow'r I doubt, commonly made use of.

Man. The Amours of a Coquette, Madam, seldom have any other View! I look upon Them, and Prudes, to be Nufances, just alike; tho' they seem very different: The first are always plaguing the Men; and the other are always abusing the Women.

Lady Grace. And yet both of them do it for the same vain Ends; to establish a false Character of being Virtuous.

Man. Of being Chaste, they mean; for they know no other Virtue: and, upon the Credit of that, they traffick in every thing else, that's Vicious: They (even against Nature) keep their Chastity, only because they find they have more Power to do Mischief with it, than they could possibly put in practice without it.

Lady Grace. Hold! Mr. Manly: I am afraid this severe Opinion of the Sex, is owing to the ill Choice you have made of your Mistresses.

Man. In a great measure, it may be so: But, Madam, if both these Characters are so odious; how vastly valuable is that Woman, who has attain'd all they aim at without the Aid of the Folly, or Vice of either?

Lady Grace. I believe those sort of Women to be as scarce, Sir, as the Men, that believe there are any such;

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or that allowing such have Virtue enough to deserve them.

Man. That *could* deserve them then——had been a more favourable Reflexion !

Lady Grace. Nay, I speak only from my little Experience: For (I'll be free with you, Mr. *Manly*) I don't know a Man in the World, that, in Appearance, might better pretend to a Woman of the first Merit, than yourself: And yet I have a Reason, in my Hand, here, to think you have your Failings.

Man. I have infinite, Madam; but I am sure, the want of an implicit Respect for you, is not among the Number——pray what is in your Hand, Madam ?

Lady Grace. Nay, Sir, I have no Title to it; for the Direction is to you. [*Gives him a Letter.*]

Man. To me ! I don't remember the Hand——

[*Reads to himself.*]

Lady Grace. I can't perceive any change of Guilt in him ! and his Surprise seems Natural ! [*Aside.*]——Give me leave to tell you one thing by the way, Mr. *Manly*; That I should never have shewn you this, but that my Brother enjoind me to it.

Man. I take that to proceed from my Lord's good Opinion of me, Madam.

Lady Grace. I hope, at least, it will stand as an Excuse for my taking this Liberty.

Man. I never yet saw you do any thing, Madam, that wanted an Excuse; and, I hope, you will not give me an Instance to the contrary, by refusing the Favour I am going to ask you.

Lady Grace. I don't believe I shall refuse any, that you think proper to ask.

Man. Only this, Madam, to indulge me so far, as to let me know how this Letter came into your Hands.

Lady Grace. Inclos'd to me, in this without a Name.

Man. If there be no Secret in the Contents, Madam——

Lady Grace. Why——there is an impertinent Insinuation in it: But as I know your good Sense will think it so too, I will venture to trust you.

Man. You'll oblige me Madam.

[*He takes the other Letter and reads.*]

Lady Grace. [*Aside.*] Now am I in the oddest Situation! methinks our Conversation grows terribly Critical! This must produce something:—O lud! would it were over!

Man. Now, Madam, I begin to have some Light into the poor Project, that is at the Bottom of all this.

Lady Grace. I have no Notion of what could be proposed by it!

Man. A little Patience, Madam——First, as to the Insinuation you mention——

Lady Grace. O! what is he going to say now! [*Aside.*]

Man. Tho' my Intimacy with my Lord may have allow'd my Visits to have been very frequent here of late: Yet, in such a talking Town as this, you must not wonder, if a great many of those Visits are plac'd to your Account: And this taken for granted, I suppose has been told to my Lady *Wronghead*, as a piece of News, since her Arrival, not improbably without many more imaginary Circumstances.

Lady Grace. My Lady *Wronghead*!

Man. Ay, Madam, for I am positive this is her Hand!

Lady Grace. What View could she have in writing it?

Man. To interrupt any Treaty of Marriage, she may have heard I am engaged in: Because if I die without Heirs, her Family expects that some part of my Estate may return to them again. But, I hope, she is so far mistaken, that if this Letter has given you the least Uneasiness,——I shall think that the happiest Moment of my Life.

Lady Grace. That does not carry your usual Complaisance, Mr. *Manly*.

Man. Yes, Madam, because I am sure I can convince you of my Innocence.

Lady Grace. I am sure I have no right to inquire into it.

Man. Suppose you may not, Madam; yet you may very innocently have so much Curiosity.

Lady

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Lady Grace. With what an artful Gentleness he steals into my Opinion? [*Aside.*] Well, Sir, I won't pretend to have so little of the Woman, in me, as to want Curiosity——But pray, do you suppose then, this *Myrtilla* is a real, or a fictitious Name?

Man. Now I recollect, Madam, there is a young Woman, in the House, where my Lady *Wronghead* lodges, that I heard somebody call *Myrtilla*: This Letter may be written by her——but how it came directed to me, I confess is a Mystery; that before I ever presume to see your Ladyship again, I think myself oblig'd, in Honour to find out. [*Going.*]

Lady Grace. Mr. *Manly*——you are not going?

Man. 'Tis but to the next Street, Madam; I shall be back in ten Minutes.

Lady Grace. Nay! but Dinner's just coming up.

Man. Madam, I can neither eat, nor rest, till I see an end of this Affair!

Lady Grace. But this is so odd! why should any silly Curiosity of mine drive you away?

Man. Since you won't suffer it to be yours, Madam; then it shall be only to satisfy my own Curiosity——

[*Exit Manly.*]

Lady Grace. Well——and now, what am I to think of all this? Or suppose an indifferent Person had heard every Word we have said to one another, what would they have thought on't? Would it have been very absurd to conclude, he is seriously inclined to pass the rest of his Life with me?——I hope not——for I am sure, the Case is terribly clear on my Side! and why may not I, without Vanity, suppose my——unaccountable somewhat——has done as much Execution upon him?——why——because he never told me so——nay, he has not so much as mentioned the Word Love, or ever said one civil thing to my Person——well——but he has said a thousand to my good Opinion, and has certainly got it——had he spoke first to my Person, he had paid a very ill Compliment to my Understanding——I should have thought him Impertinent, and never have troubled my Head about him; but as he has manag'd the matter, at least I am sure

of

of one thing ; that let his Thoughts be what they will,
I shall never trouble my Head about any other Man, as
long as I live.

Enter Mrs. Trusty.

Well, Mrs. *Trusty*, is my Sister dress'd yet !

Trusty. Yes, Madam ; but my Lord has been courting
her so, I think, 'till they are both out of Humour.

Lady *Grace*. How so ?

Trusty. Why, it begun, Madam, with his Lordship's
desiring her Ladyship to dine at home to-day——upon
which my Lady said she could not be ready ; upon
that, my Lord order'd them to stay the Dinner, and
then my Lady order'd the Coach ; then my Lord took
her short, and said, he had order'd the Coachman to
set up : Then my Lady made him a great Curt'sy, and
said, she would wait 'till his Lordship's Horses had
din'd, and was mighty pleasant : But for fear of the
worst, Madam, she whisper'd me——to get her Chair
ready.

[*Exit Trusty.*

Lady *Grace*. O ! here they come ; and, by their Looks,
seem a little unfit for Company. [*Exit Lady Grace.*

Enter Lady Townly, Lord Townly following.

Lady *Town*. Well ! look you, my Lord ; I can bear
it no longer ! nothing still but about my Faults, my
Faults ! an agreeable Subject truly !

Lord *Town*. Why, Madam, if you won't hear of
them ; how can I ever hope to see you mend them ?

Lady *Town*. Why, I don't intend to mend them——I
can't mend them——you know I have try'd to do it an
hundred times, and—it hurts me so—I can't bear it !

Lord *Town*. And I, Madam, can't bear this daily
licentious Abuse of your Time and Character.

Lady *Town*. Abuse ! Astonishing ! when the Universe
knows, I am never better Company, than when I am
doing what I have a mind to ! But to see this World !
that Men can never get over that silly Spirit of Con-
tradiction——why but last *Thursday* now——there
you wisely amended one of my Faults as you call them
——you insisted upon my not going to the Masquerade
——and

—and pray, what was the Consequence! was not I as cross as the Devil, all the Night after? was not I forc'd to get Company at home! and was not it almost three o'Clock in the Morning, before, I was able to come to myself again? and then the Fault is not mended neither, ———for next time, I shall only have twice the Inclination to go: so that all this mending, and mending, you see, is but dearning an old Ruffle, to make it worse than it was before.

Lord Town. Well, the manner of Womens living, of late, is insupportable; and one way or other——

Lady Town. It's to be mended, I suppose! why so it may; but then, my dear Lord, you must give one Time——and when things are at worst, you know, they may mend themselves! ha! ha!

Lord Town. Madam, I am not in a Humour, now, to trifle.

Lady Town. Why then, my Lord, one Word of fair Argument—to talk with you, your own way now——You complain of my late Hours, and I of your early ones——so far are we even, you'll allow——but pray which gives us the best Figure in the Eye of the polite World? my active, spirited Three in the Morning, or your dull, drowsy eleven at Night? Now, I think, One has the Air of a Woman of Quality, and t'other of a plodding Mechanic, that goes to Bed betimes, that he may rise early, to open his Shop!—Faugh!

Lord Town. Fy, fy, Madam! is this your way of Reasoning? 'tis time to wake you then——'tis not your ill Hours alone, that disturb me, but as often the ill Company, that occasion those ill Hours.

Lady Town. Sure I don't understand you now, my Lord; what ill Company do I keep?

Lord Town. Why, at best, Women that lose their Money, and Men that win it! Or, perhaps, Men that are voluntary Bubbles at one Game, in hopes a Lady will give them fair play at another. Then that unavoidable mixture with known Rakes, conceal'd Thieves, and Sharpers in Embroidery——or what, to me, is still more shocking, that Herd of familiar chattering crop-eared Coxcombs, who are so often like Monkeys, there

would

would be no knowing them asunder, but that their Tails hang from their Head, and the Monkey's grows where it should do.

Lady Town. And a Husband must give eminent Proof of his Sense, that thinks their Powder-puffs dangerous.

Lord Town. Their being Fools, Madam, is not always the Husband's Security : Or if it were, Fortune, sometimes, gives them Advantages might make a thinking Woman tremble.

Lady Town. What do you mean !

Lord Town. That Women, sometimes, lose more than they are able to pay ; and if a Creditor be a little pressing, the Lady may be reduc'd to try if, instead of Gold, the Gentleman will accept of a Trinket.

Lady Town. My Lord you grow scurrilous ; you'll make me hate you. I'll have you to know, I keep Company with the politest People in Town, and the Assemblies I frequent are full of such.

Lord Town. So are the Churches——now and then.

Lady Town. My Friends frequent them too, as well as the Assemblies.

Lord Town. Yes, and would do it oftner, if a Groom of the Chambers there were allowed to furnish Cards to the Company.

Lady Town. I see what you drive at all this while ; you would lay an Imputation on my Fame, to cover your own Avarice ! I might take any Pleasures, I find, that were not expensive.

Lord Town. Have a Care, Madam ; don't let me think you only value your Chastity, to make me reproachable for not indulging you in every thing else, that's vicious——I, Madam, have a Reputation too, to guard, that's dear to me, as yours——The Follies of an ungovern'd Wife may make the wisest Man uneasy ; but 'tis his own Fault, if ever they make him contemptible.

Lady Town. My Lord——you would make a Woman mad !

Lord Town. You'd make a Man a Fool.

Lady Town. If Heav'n has made you otherwise, that won't be in my Power.

Lord Town. Whatever may be in your Inclination,
Madam ;

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Madam; I'll prevent you making me a Beggar at least.

Lady Town. A Beggar! *Græsus!* I'm out of Patience! I won't come home 'till four to-morrow Morning.

Lord Town. That may be, Madam; but I'll order the Doors to be lock'd at twelve.

Lady Town. Then I won't come home 'till to-morrow Night.

Lord Town. Then, Madam;—You shall never come home again. [*Exit Lord Town.*]

Lady Town. What does he mean! I never heard such a Word from him in my Life before! the Man always us'd to have Manners in his worst Humours! there's something, that I don't see, at the Bottom of all this ——— but his Head's always upon some impracticable Scheme or other, so I won't trouble mine any longer about him. *Mr. Manly*, your Servant.

Enter Manly.

Man. I ask Pardon for my Intrusion, Madam; but I hope my Business with my Lord will excuse it.

Lady Town. I believe you'll find him in the next Room, Sir.

Man. Will you give me Leave, Madam?

Lady Town. Sir———you have my Leave, tho' you were a Lady.

Man. [*Aside.*] What a well bred Age do we live in?

[*Exit Manly.*]

Enter Lady Grace.

Lady Town. O! my dear *Lady Grace!* how could you leave me so unmercifully alone all this while?

Lady Grace. I thought my Lord had been with you.

Lady Town. Why yes——and therefore I wanted your Relief; for he has been in such a Fluster here——

Lady Grace. Bless me! for what?

Lady Town. Only our usual Breakfast; we have each of us had our Dish of Matrimonial Comfort, this Morning! we have been charming Company!

Lady Grace. I am mighty glad of it! sure it must be a vast Happiness, when a Man and a Wife can give themselves the same turn of Conversation!

Lady

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Lady Town. O! the prettiest thing in the World!

Lady Grace. Now I should be afraid, that where two People are every Day together so, they must often be in want of something to talk upon.

Lady Town. O my Dear, you are the most mistaken in the World! married People have things to talk of, Child, that never enter into the Imagination of others.

——Why, here's my Lord and I now, we have not been married above two short Years, you know, and we have already eight or ten things constantly in Bank, that whenever we want Company, we can take up any one of them for two Hours together, and the Subject never the flatter; nay, if we have Occasion for it, it will be as fresh next Day too, as it was the first Hour it entertain'd us.

Lady Grace. Certainly that must be vastly pretty.

Lady Town. O! there's no Life like it! why t'other Day for Example, when you din'd abroad; my Lord and I, after a pretty chearful *tête à tête* Meal, sat us down by the fire-side, in an easy indolent, pick-tooth Way, for about a Quarter of an Hour, as if we had not thought of any other's being in the Room——at last, stretching himself, and yawning——My Dear, says he,——aw——you came home very late, last Night——'Twas but just turn'd of Two, says I——I was in bed——aw——by Eleven, says he; so you are every Night, says I——Well, says he, I am amazed you can sit up so late——How can you be amaz'd, says I, at a Thing that happens so often?——upon which we enter'd into a Conversation——and tho' this is a Point has entertain'd us above fifty times already, we always find so many pretty new Things to say upon it, that I believe in my Soul, it will last as long as we live.

Lady Grace. But pray! in such sort of Family Dialogues (tho' extremely well for passing the Time) don't there, now and then, enter some little witty sort of Bitterness?

Lady Town. O yes! which does not do amiss at all! A smart Repartee, with a Zest of Recrimination at the Head of it, makes the prettiest Sherbet; Ay, ay! if we did not mix a little of the Acid with it, a matrimonial

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monial Society would be so luscious, that nothing but an old liquorish Prude would be able to bear it.

Lady Grace. Well,——certainly you have the most elegant Taste——

Lady Town. Tho' to tell you the Truth, my Dear, I rather think we squeez'd a little too much Lemon into it, this Bout; for it grew so sour at last, that——I think——I almost told him, he was a Fool——and he again——talk'd something odly of——turning me out of Doors.

Lady Grace. O! have a care of that!

Lady Town. Nay, if he should, I may thank my own wife Father for that——

Lady Grace. How so?

Lady Town. Why——when my good Lord first open'd his honourable Trenches before me, my unaccountable Papa, in whose Hands I then was, gave me up at Discretion.

Lady Grace. How do you mean?

Lady Town. He said, the Wives of this Age were come to that pass, that he would not desire even his own Daughter should be trusted with Pin-money; so that my whole Train of separate Inclinations are left entirely at the Mercy of an Husband's odd Humours.

Lady Grace. Why, that, indeed, is enough to make a Woman of Spirit look about her!

Lady Town. Nay, but to be serious; my Dear; what would you really have a Woman do in my Case?

Lady Grace. Why——if I had a sober Husband as you have, I would make myself the happiest Wife in the World by being as sober as he.

Lady Town. O! you wicked thing! how can you teize one at this rate? when you know he is so very sober, that (except giving me Money) there is not one thing in the World he can do to please me! And I at the same time, partly by Nature, and partly, perhaps, by keeping the best Company, do with my Soul love almost every thing he hates! I dote upon Assemblies! my Heart bounds at a Ball; and at an Opera——I expire! then I love Play to Distraction! Cards enchant me! and Dice——put me out of my little Wits! Dear! dear Hazard!

oh!

Oh! what a Flow of Spirits it gives one! Do you never play at Hazard, Child?

Lady Grace. Oh! never! I don't think it fits well upon Women; there's something so masculine, so much the Air of a Rake in it! you see how it makes the Men swear and curse! and when a Woman is thrown into the same Passion——why——

Lady Town. That's very true! one is a little put to it, sometimes, not to make use of the same Words to express it.

Lady Grace. Well——and, upon ill Luck, pray what Words are you really forc'd to make use of?

Lady Town. Why upon a very hard Case, indeed, when a sad wrong Word is rising, just to one's Tongue's End, I give a great Gulp——and swallow it

Lady Grace. Well——and is not that enough to make you forswear play, as long as you live?

Lady Town. O yes! I have forsworn it.

Lady Grace. Seriously?

Lady Town. Solemnly! a thousand times; but then one is constantly forsworn.

Lady Grace. And how can you answer that?

Lady Town. My Dear, what we say, when we are Losers, we look upon to be no more binding than a Lover's Oath, or a Great Man's Promise. But I beg pardon, Child; I should not lead you so far into the World; you are a Prude, and design to live soberly.

Lady Grace. Why, I confess my Nature, and my Education do, in a good degree, incline me that way.

Lady Town. Well! how a Woman of Spirit, (for you don't want that, Child) can dream of living soberly, is to me inconceivable! for you will marry, I suppose.

Lady Grace. I can't tell but I may.

Lady Town. And won't you live in Town?

Lady Grace. Half the Year, I should like it very well.

Lady Town. My Stars! and you would really live in London half the Year to be sober in it?

Lady Grace. Why not?

Lady Town. Why can't you as well go, and be sober in the Country?

Lady Grace. So I would——t'other half Year.

Lady

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Lady Town. And pray, what comfortable Scheme of Life would you form now, for your Summer and Winter sober Entertainments?

Lady Grace. A Scheme, that I think might very well content us.

Lady Town. O! of all things let's hear it.

Lady Grace. Why, in Summer, I could pass my leisure Hours in Riding, in Reading, walking by a Canal, or sitting at the End of it under a great Tree; in dressing, dining, chatting with an agreeable Friend, perhaps, hearing a little Music, taking a Dish of Tea or a Game of Cards, soberly! Managing my Family, looking into its Accounts, playing with my Children (if I had any) or in a thousand other innocent Amusements——soberly! and possibly, by these means, I might induce my Husband to be as sober as myself——

Lady Town. Well, my Dear, thou art an astonishing Creature! For sure such primitive antediluvian Notions of Life, have not been in any Head these thousand Years——Under a great Tree! O' my Soul!——But I beg we may have the sober Town-scheme too——for I am charm'd with the Country one!——

Lady Grace. You shall, and I'll try to stick to my Sobriety there too.

Lady Town. Well, tho' I'm sure it will give me the Vapours, I must hear it however.

Lady Grace. Why then, for fear of your fainting, Madam, I will first so far come into the Fashion, that I would never be dress'd out of it——but still it should be soberly. For I can't think it any Disgrace to a Woman of my private Fortune, not to wear her Lace as fine as the Wedding-suit of a first Dutchess. Tho' there is one Extravagance I would venture to come up to.

Lady Town. Ay now for it——

Lady Grace. I would every Day be as clean, as a Bride.

Lady Town. Why the Men say, that's a great Step to be made one——Well now you are dress'd——pray let's see to what Purpose?

Lady Grace.

Lady Grace. I would visit—that is, my real Friends; but as little for Form as possible.——I would go to Court; sometimes to an Assembly, nay, play at *Quadrille*—soberly: I would see all the good Plays; and, (because 'tis the Fashion) now and then an Opera——but I would not Expire there, for fear I should never go again: And lastly, I can't say, but for Curiosity, if I lik'd my Company, I might be drawn in once to a *Masquerade*! And this, I think, is as far as any Woman can go——soberly.

Lady Town. Well! if it had not been for that last Piece of Sobriety, I was just going to call for some *Surfeit-water*.

Lady Grace. Why, don't you think, with the farther Aid of Breakfasting, Dining, taking the Air, Supping, Sleeping, not to say a Word of Devotion, the four and twenty Hours might roll over in a tolerable Manner?

Lady Town. Tolerable? Deplorable! Why, Child, all you propose, is but to Endure Life, now I want to Enjoy it——

Enter Mrs. Trusty.

Trus. Madam, your Ladyship's Chair is ready.

Lady Town. Have the Footmen their white Flambeaux yet? For last Night I was poison'd.

Trus. Yes, Madam: there were some come in this Morning. [Exit Trusty.]

Lady Town. My Dear, you will excuse me; but you know my Time is so precious——

Lady Grace. That I beg I may not hinder your least Enjoyment of it.

Lady Town. You will call on me at *Lady Revel's*?

Lady Grace. Certainly.

Lady Town. But I am so afraid it will break into your Scheme, my Dear!

Lady Grace. When it does, I will——soberly break from you.

Lady Town. Why then, 'till we meet again, dear Sister, I wish you all tolerable Happiness. [Exit Lady Town.]

Lady Grace.

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Lady Grace. There she goes—Dash! into her Stream of Pleasures! poor Woman! she is really a fine Creature! and sometimes infinitely agreeable! nay, take her out of the madness of this Town, rational in her Notions, and easy to live with: But she is so borne down by this Torrent of Vanity in vogue, she thinks every Hour of her Life is lost that she does not lead at the Head of it. What it will end in, I tremble to imagine!——Ha! my Brother, and *Manly* with him I guess what they have been talking of——I shall hear it in my Turn, I suppose, but it won't become me to be inquisitive. [Exit *Lady Grace*]

Enter Lord Townly and Manly.

Lord Town. I did not think my *Lady Wronghead* had such a notable Brain: Tho' I can't say she was so very wise, in trusting this silly Girl you call *Myrtilla*, with the Secret.

Man. No, my Lord, you mistake me, had the Girl been in the Secret, perhaps I had never come at it myself.

Lord Town. Why I thought you said the Girl with this Letter to you, and that my *Lady Wronghead* sent it inclos'd to my Sister?

Man. If you please to give me Leave, my Lord—the Fact is thus—This inclos'd Letter to *Lady Grace* was a real Original one, written by this Girl, to the Count we have been talking of: The Count drops it, and my *Lady Wronghead* finds it: Then only changing the Cover, she seals it up as a Letter of Business, just written by herself, to me: And pretending to be in a Hurry, gets this innocent Girl to write the Directions for her.

Lord Town. Oh! then the Girl did not know she was superscribing a Billet-doux of her own to you?

Man. No, my Lord; for when I first question'd her about the Direction, she own'd it immediately: But when I shew'd her that her Letter to the Count was within it, and told her how it came into my Hands, the poor Creature was amaz'd and thought herself betray'd both by the Count and my Lady——in short,

upon this Discovery the Girl and I grew so gracious, that she has let me into some Transactions, in my Lady Wronghead's Family, which, with my having a careful Eye over them, may prevent the Ruin of it.

Lord Town. You are very generous to be so solicitous for a Lady that has given you so much Uneasiness.

Man. But I will be most unmercifully reveng'd of her : for I will do her the greatest Friendship in the World —against her Will.

Lord Town. What an uncommon Philosophy art thou Master of? to make even thy Malice a Virtue!

Man. Yet, my Lord, I assure you, there is no one Action of my Life gives me more Pleasure than your Approbation of it.

Lord Town. Dear Charles! my Heart's impatient, 'till thou art nearer to me: And as a Proof that I have long wish'd thee so: While your daily Conduct has chosen rather to deserve than ask my Sister's Favour; I have been as secretly industrious to make her sensible of your Merit: And since on this Occasion you have open'd your whole Heart to me, 'tis now with equal Pleasure, I assure you, we have both succeeded——she is as firmly yours——

Man. Impossible! you flatter me!

Lord Town. I'm glad you think it Flattery: But she herself shall prove it none: She dines with us alone: When the Servants are withdrawn, I'll open a Conversation, that shall excuse my leaving you together—O! Charles! had I, like thee, been cautious in my Choice, what melancholy Hours had this Heart avoided!

Man. No more of that, I beg, my Lord——

Lord Town. But 'twill, at least, be some Relief to my Anxiety (however barren of Content the State has been to me) to see so near a Friend and Sister happy in it: Your Harmony of Life will be an Instance how much the Choice of Temper is preferable to Beauty.

While your soft Hours in mutual Kindness move,
You'll reach by Virtue what I lost by Love.

[*Exeunt.*]

A C T



A C T IV. S C E N E I.

SCENE, *Mrs. Motherly's House.**Enter Mrs. Motherly, meeting Myrtilla.*

Moth. SO, Niece! where is it possible you can have been these six Hours?

Myr. O! Madam! I have such a terrible Story to tell you!

Moth. A Story! Ods my Life! What have you done with the Count's Note of five hundred Pound, I sent you about? is it safe? is it good? is it Security?

Myr. Yes, yes, it is safe: But for its Goodness—— Mercy on us! I have been in a fair Way to be hang'd about it?

Moth. The dickens! has the Rogue of a Count play'd us another Trick then?

Myr. You shall hear, Madam; when I came to Mr. *Cash*, the Banker's, and shewed him his Note for five hundred Pounds, payable to the Count, or Order, in two Months——he look'd earnestly upon it, and desired me to step into the Inner Room, while he examin'd his Books——after I had staid about ten Minutes, he came in to me——claps to the Door, and charges me with a Constable for Forgery.

Moth. Ah poor Soul! and how didst thou get off?

Myr. While I was ready to sink in this Condition, I begg'd him to have a little Patience, 'till I could send for Mr. *Manly*, whom he knew to be a Gentleman of Worth and Honour, and who, I was sure, would convince him, whatever Fraud might be in the Note, that I was myself an innocent abus'd Woman——and as good Luck would have it, in less than half an Hour Mr. *Manly* came——so, without mincing the Matter,

Matter, I fairly told him upon what Design the Count had lodg'd that Note in your Hands, and in short, laid open the whole Scheme he had drawn us into, to make our Fortune.

Moth. The Devil you did!

Myr. Why how do you think it was possible, I could any otherways make Mr. Manly my Friend, to help me out of the Scrape I was in? To conclude, he soon made Mr. Cash easy, and sent away the Constable; nay farther he promis'd me, if I would trust the Note in his Hands, he would take care it should be fully paid before it was due, and at the same time would give me an ample Revenge upon the Count; so that all you have to consider now, Madam, is, whether you think yourself safer in the Count's Hands, or Mr. Manly's.

Moth. Nay, nay, Child; there is no choice in the matter! Mr. Manly may be a Friend indeed, if any thing in our Power can make him so.

Myr. Well, Madam, and now pray, how stand Matters at home here? What has the Count done with the Ladies?

Moth. Why every thing he has a mind to do, by this time, I suppose. He is in as high Favour with Miss, as he is with my Lady.

Myr. Pray, where are the Ladies?

Moth. Rattling abroad in their own Coach, and the well-bred Count along with them: They have been scouring all the Shops in Town over, buying fine things and new Clothes from Morning to Night: They have made one Voyage already, and have brought home such a Cargo of Bawbles and Trumpery — Mercy on the poor Man that's to pay for them!

Myr. Did not the young Squire go with them!

Moth. No, no; Miss said, truly he would but disgrace their Party: so they even left him asleep by the Kitchen Fire.

Myr. Has not he asked after me all this while? For I had a sort of an Assignment with him.

Moth. O yes! he has been in a bitter Taking about it. At last his Disappointment grew so uneasy, that

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he fairly fell a crying; so to quiet him, I sent one of the Maids and *John Moody* abroad with him to shew him—the Lions, and the Monument. Ods me! there he is, just come home again—you may have Business with him——so I'll even turn you together.

Enter Squire Richard.

Squ. Rich. Soah! soah! Mrs. *Myrtilia*, where han yow been aw this Day, forsooth?

Myr. Nay, if you go to that, Squire, where have you been, pray?

Squ. Rich. Why, when I fun' at yow were no loikly to come whoam, I were ready to hong my Sel——so *John Moody*, and I, and one o' your Lasses have been——Lord knows where——a seeing o' the Soights.

Myr. Well and pray what have you seen, Sir?

Squ. Rich. Flesh! I cawnt tell, not I——seen every thing I think. First there we went o' top o' the what d'ye call it? there, the great huge stone Post, up the rawnd and rawnd Stairs, that twine and twine about, just an as thof it was a Cork Scrue.

Myr. O, the Monument! well, and was it not a fine Sight from the Top of it?

Squ. Rich. Sight, Miss! I know no'——I saw nowght but Smoak and brick Housen, and Steeple Tops——then there was such a mortal Ting-tang of Bells, and Rumbling of Carts and Coaches, and then the Folks under one look'd so small, and made such a Hum, and a Buz, it put me in mind of my Mother's great glass Bee-hive in our Garden in the Country.

Myr. I think, Master, you give a very good Account of it.

Squ. Rich. Ay! but I did no' like it: for my Head——my Head——began to turn——so I trundled me dawn Stairs agen like a round Trencher.

Myr. Well! but this was not all you saw, I suppose?

Squ. Rich. Noa! noa! we went after that, and saw the Lions, and I lik'd them better by hawlf; they are pure grim Devils; hoh, hoh! I touke a Stick, and gave

gave one of them such a Poke o' the Noase—I believe he would ha' snapt my Head off, an he could ha' got me. Hoh! hoh! hoh!

Myr. Well, Master, when you and I go abroad, I'll shew you prettier Sights than these——there's a Masquerade to-morrow.

Squ. Rich. O Laud! ay! they say that's a pure thing for *Merry Andrews*, and those sort of comical Mummings——and the Count tells me, that there Lads and Lasses may jig their Tails, and eat, and drink, without grudging, all Night-lung.

Myr. What would you say now, if I should get you a Ticket, and go along with you?

Squ. Rich. Ah dear!

Myr. But have a Care, Squire, the fine Ladies there are terribly tempting; look well to your Heart, or Ads me! they'll whip it up in the Trip of a Minute.

Squ. Rich. Ay, but they cawnt thoa——soa let 'um look to themselves, an' ony of 'um falls in love with me——mayhap they had as good be quiet.

Myr. Why sure you would not refuse a fine Lady, would you?

Squ. Rich. Ay, but I would tho' unless it were——one at I know of.

Myr. Oh! oh! then you have left your Heart in the Country, I find?

Squ. Rich. Noa, noa, my Heart——eh——my Heart e'nt awt o' this Room.

Myr. I am glad you have it about you, however.

Squ. Rich. Nay, mayhap not soa noather, somebody else may have it, 'at you little think of.

Myr. I can't imagine what you mean!

Squ. Rich. 'Noa! why doan't you know how many Folks there is in this Room, naw?

Myr. Very fine, Master, I see you have learnt the Town Gallantry already.

Squ. Rich. Why doan't you believe 'at I have a Kindness for you then?

Myr. Fy! fy! Master, how you talk! beside you are too young to think of a Wife.

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Squ. Rich. Ay! but I caunt help thinking o' yow, for all that.

Myr. How! why sure, Sir, you don't pretend to think of me in a dishonourable way?

Squ. Rich. Nay, that's as you see good—I did no' think 'at you would ha' thought of me for a Husband, mayhap; unless I had Means, in my own Hands; and Feyther allows me but half a Crown a Week, as yet a while.

Myr. Oh! when I like any Body, 'tis not want of Money will make me refuse them.

Squ. Rich. Well, that's just my mind now; for 'an I like a Girl, Miss, I would take her in her Smuck.

Myr. Ay, Master, now you speak like a Man of Honour: This shews something of a true Heart in you.

Squ. Rich. Ay, and a true heart you'll find me; try when you will.

Myr. Hush! hush! here's your Papa come home, and my Aunt with him.

Squ. Rich. A Devil rive 'em, what do they come naw for?

Myr. When you and I get to the Masquerade, you shall see what I'll say to you.

Squ. Rich. Well, hands upon't then——

Myr. There——

Squ. Rich. One Buss, and a Bargain. [*Kisses her.*
Ads wauntlikins! as soft and plump as a Marrow-Pudding. [*Exeunt severally.*

Enter Sir Francis Wronghead and Mrs. Motherly.

Sir Fran. What! my Wife and Daughter abroad, say you?

Moth. O dear! Sir, they have been mighty busy all the Day long; they just came home to snap up a short Dinner, and so went out again.

Sir Fran. Well, well, I shan't stay Supper for 'em I can tell 'em that: For Ods-heart! I have had nothing in me, but a Toast and Tankard, since Morning.

Moth. I am afraid, Sir, these late Parliament Hours won't agree with you.

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Sir Fran. Why, truly, *Mrs. Motherly*, they don't do right with us Country Gentlemen; to lose one Meal out of three, is a hard Tax upon a good Stomach.

Moth. It is so indeed, Sir.

Sir Fran. But, hawfomever, *Mrs. Motherly*, when we consider, that what we suffer is for the Good of our Country——

Moth. Why truly, Sir, that is something.

Sir Fran. Oh! there's a great deal to be said for't——the Good of ones Country is above all Things——A true hearted *Englishman* thinks nothing too much for it——I have heard of some honest Gentlemen so very zealous, that for the good of their Country——they would sometimes go to Dinner at Midnight,

Moth. O! the Goodness of 'em! sure their Country must have a vast Esteem for them?

Sir Fran. So they have, *Mrs. Motherly*; they are so respected when they come home to their Boroughs, after a Session, and so belov'd——that their Country will come and dine with them every Day in the Week.

Moth. Dear me! What a fine thing 'tis to be so populous?

Sir Fran. It is a great Comfort, indeed! and I can assure you you are a good sensible Woman, *Mrs. Motherly*.

Moth. O dear Sir, your Honour's pleas'd to Compliment.

Sir Fran. No, no, I see you know how to value People of Consequence.

Moth. Good lack! here's Company, Sir; will you give me leave to get you a little something 'till the Ladies come home, Sir?

Sir Fran. Why troth, I don't think it would be amiss.

Moth. It shall be done in a Moment, Sir. [Exit.

Enter Manly.

Man. Sir Francis, your Servant.

Sir Fran. Cousin Manly.

Man. I am come to see how the Family goes on here.

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Sir Fran. Troth! all as busy as Bees; I have been upon the Wing ever since Eight o'clock this Morning.

Man. By your early Hour, then, I suppose you have been making your Court to some of the Great Men.

Sir Fran. Why, Faith! you have hit it, Sir—— I was advis'd to lose no Time: So I e'en went straight forward, to one great Man I had never seen in my Life before.

Man. Right! that was doing Business: But who had you got to introduce you?

Sir Fran. Why, no Body——I remember'd I had heard a wise Man say——My Son, be bold——so troth! I introduc'd myself.

Man. As how, pray?

Sir Fran. Why, thus——Look ye——Please your Lordship, says I, I am *Sir Francis Wronghead* of *Bumper-Hall*, and Member of Parliament for the Borough of *Guzzledown*——Sir, your humble Servant, says my Lord; thof I have not the Honour to know your Person, I have heard you are a very honest Gentleman, and I am glad your Borough has made choice of so worthy a Representative; and so, says he, *Sir Francis*, have you any Service to command me? Naw, Cousin! those last Words, you may be sure gave me no small Encouragement. And thof I know, Sir, you have no extraordinary Opinion of my Parts, yet I believe, you won't say I mist it now!

Man. Well, I hope I shall have no Cause.

Sir Fran. So when I found him so courteous——My Lord, says I, I did not think to ha' troubled your Lordship with Business upon my first Visit: but since your Lordship is pleas'd not to stand upon Ceremony——why truly, says I, I think now is as good as another Time.

Man. Right! there you push'd him home.

Sir Fran. Ay, ay, I had a mind to let him see that I was none of your mealy-mouth'd ones.

Man. Very good!

Sir

A JOURNEY to LONDON. 79

Sir Fran. So, in short my Lord, says I, I have a good Estate—but—a—it's a little awt at Elbows: and as I desire to serve my King, as well as my Country, I shall be very willing to accept of a Place at Court.

Man. So, this was making short Work on't.

Sir Fran. P'cod! I shot him flying, Cousin: Some of your Hawlf-witted Ones naw, would ha' humm'd and law'd, and dangled a Month or two after him, before they durst open their Mouths about a Place, and mayhap, not ha' got it at last neither.

Man. Oh! I'm glad you're so sure on't——

Sir Fran. You shall hear, Cousin——*Sir Francis*, says my Lord, pray what sort of a Place, may you ha' turn'd your Thoughts upon? My Lord, says I, Beggars must not be Chufers; but ony Place, says I, about a thousand a Year, will be well enough to be doing with 'till something better falls in—for I thought it would not look well to stond haggling with him at first.

Man. No, no, your Business was to get Footing any way.

Sir Fran. Right! there's it! ay Cousin, I see you know the World!

Man. Yes, yes, one sees more of it every Day—— well! but what said my Lord to all this?

Sir Fran. *Sir Francis*, says he, I shall be glad to serve you any way, that lies in my Power; so he gave me a Squeeze by the Hond, as much as to say, Give yourself no Trouble——I'll do your Business; with that he turn'd him abawt to some-body with a coloured Ribbon a cros here, that look'd in my Thowghts, as if he came for Place too.

Man. Ha! so, upon these Hopes, you are to make your Fortune!

Sir Fran. Why, do you think there's ony Doubt of it, Sir?

Man. Oh no, I have not the least Doubt about it—for jult as you have done, I made my Fortune ten Years ago.

Sir Fran. Why, I never knew you had a Place, Cousin.

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Man. Nor I neither, upon my Faith, Cousin. But you, perhaps, may have better Fortune: For I suppose my Lord has heard of what Importance you were in the Debate to-day——You have been since down at the House, I presume!

Sir Fran. O yes! I would not neglect the House, for ever so much.

Man. Well, and pray what have they done there?

Sir Fran. Why, troth! I can't well tell you, what they have done, but I can tell you what I did: and I think pretty well in the main; only I happen'd to make a little Mistake at last, indeed.

Man. How was that?

Sir Fran. Why, they were all got there, into a sort of a puzzling Debate, about the good of the Nation——and I were always for that, you know——but in short, the Arguments were so long-winded o' both sides, that, waunds! I did no well understand 'um: However, I was convinc'd, and so resolv'd to vote right, according to my Conscience——so when they came to put the Question, as they call it,——I don't know how 'twas——but I doubt I cry'd Ay! when I should ha' cry'd No!

Man. How came that about?

Sir Fran. Why, by a Mistake, as I tell you——for there was a good-humour'd sort of a Gentleman, one *Mr. Totherside* I think they call him, that sat next me, as soon as I had cry'd Ay! gives me a hearty shake by the Hand! Sir, says he, you are a Man of Honour, and a true *Englishman*! and I should be proud to be better acquainted with you——and so with that, he takes me by the Sleeve, along with the Crowd into the Lobby——so, I knew nowght——but Ods-flesh! I was got o'the wrong side the Post——for I were told, afterwards, I should have staid where I was.

Man. And so, if you had not quite made your Fortune before, you have clench'd it now!——Ah! thou Head of the *Wrongheads*. [*Aside.*]

Sir Fran. Ods! here's my Lady come home at last——I hope, Cousin, you will be so kind, as to take a Family Supper with us?

Man.

A JOURNEY to LONDON. 81

Man. Another time, Sir *Francis*; but to-night, I am engaged!

Enter Lady Wronghead, Miss Jenny, and Count Basset.

Lady Wrong. Cousin! your Servant; I hope you will pardon my Rudeness: But we have really been in such a continual Hurry here, that we have not had a leisure Moment to return your last Visit.

Man. O Madam! I am a Man of no Ceremony; you see that has not hinder'd my coming again.

Lady Wrong. You are infinitely obliging; but I'll redeem my Credit with you.

Man. At your own time, Madam.

Count Basf. I must say that for Mr. *Manly*, Madam; if making People easy is the Rule of Good-Breeding, he is certainly the best-bred Man in the World.

Man. Soh! I am not to drop my Acquaintance, I find—[*Aside.*] I am afraid, Sir, I shall grow vain upon your good Opinion.

Count Basf. I don't know that, Sir; but I am sure, what you are pleas'd to say, makes me so.

Man. The most impudent Modesty that ever I met with.

Lady Wrong. Lard! how ready his Wit is?

[*Aside.*]
[*Aside.*]

Sir Fran. Don't you think, Sir, the Count's }
a very fine Gentleman?

Man. O! among the Ladies, certainly.

Sir Fran. And yet he's as stout as a Lion: }
Waund, he'll storm any thing.

} *Apart.*

Man. Will he so? Why then, Sir, take care of your Citadel.

Sir Fran. Ah! you are a Wag, Cousin.

Man. I hope, Ladies, the Town Air continues to agree with you?

Jenny. O! perfectly well, Sir! We have been abroad in our new Coach all Day long——and we have bought an Ocean of fine Things. And to-morrow we go to the Masquerade! and on *Friday* to the Play! and on *Saturday* to the Opera! and on *Sunday*, we are to be at the what-d'ye call it——Assembly, and see the

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Ladies play at Quadrille, and Picquet and Ombre, and Hazard! and Bassèet! And on *Monday*, we are to see the King! and so on *Tuesday*——

Lady Wrong. Hold, hold, Miss! you must not let your Tongue run so fast, Child——you forget! you know I brought you hither to learn Modesty.

Man. Yes, yes! and she is improv'd with a Vengeance——

[*Aside.*

Jenny. Lawrd! Mama, I am sure I did not say any Harm! and if one must not speak in ones Turn, one may be kept under as long as one lives, for ought I see.

Lady Wrong. O' my Conscience, this Girl grows so Headstrong——

Sir Fran. Ay, ay, there's your fine growing Spirit for you! Now tack it dawn, an' you can.

Jenny. All I said, Papa, was only to entertain my Cousin Manly.

Man. My pretty Dear, I am mightily oblig'd to you.

Jenny. Look you there now, Madam.

Lady Wrong. Hold your Tongue, I say.

Jenny. [*Turning away and glowering.*] I declare it, I won't bear it: she is always snubbing me before you, Sir!——I know why she does it, well enough——

[*Aside to the Count.*

Count Bas. Hush! hush, my Dear! don't be uneasy at that! she'll suspect us.

[*Aside.*

Jenny. Let her suspect, what do I care——I don't know, but I have as much Reason to suspect, as she——tho' perhaps I'm not so 'afraid of her.

Count Bas. [*Aside.*] P'gad, if I don't keep a tight Hand on my Tit, here, she'll run away with my Project before I can bring it to bear.

Lady Wrong. [*Aside.*] Perpetually hanging upon him! The young Harlot is certainly in love with him; but I must not let them see I think so——and yet I can't bear it: Upon my Life, Count, you'll spoil that forward Girl——you should not encourage her so.

Count Bas. Pardon me, Madam, I was only advising her to observe what your Ladyship said to her.

Man.

Man. Yes, truly, her Observations have been some-thing particular. [*Aside.*]

Count Bas. In one Word, Madam, she has a Jealousy of your Ladyship, and I am forc'd to encourage her, to blind it; 'twill be better to take no notice of her Behaviour to me.

Lady Wrong. You are right, I will be more cautious.

Count Bas. To-morrow at the Masquerade, we may lose her. [*Apart.*]

Lady Wrong. We shall be observ'd. I'll send you a Note, and settle that Affair——go on with the Girl, and don't mind me.

Count Bas. I have been taking your Part, my little Angel.

Lady Wrong. *Jenny!* come hither, Child——you must not be so hasty, my Dear——I only advise you for your good.

Jenny. Yes, Mama; but when I am told of a thing before Company, it always makes me worse, you know.

Man. If I have any skill in the fair Sex; Miss, and her Mama, have only quarrel'd, because they are both of a Mind. This facetious Count seems to have made a very genteel Step into the Family. [*Aside.*]

Enter Myrtila. [*Manly talks apart with her.*]

Lady Wrong. Well, Sir *Francis*, and what News have you brought us from *Westminster*, to-day?

Sir Fran. News, Madam? I'cod! I have some——and such as does not come every Day, I can tell you——a word in your Ear——I have got a Promise of a Place at Court of a thousand Pawnd a Year already.

Lady Wrong. Have you so, Sir? And pray who may you thank for't? Now! who's in the right? Is not this better than throwing so much away, after a stinking Pack of Fox-hounds, in the Country? Now your Family may be the better for it!

Sir Fran. Nay! that's what persuaded me to come up, my Dove.

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Lady Wrong. Mighty well—come—let me have another hundred Pound then.

Sir Fran. Another! Child? Waunds! you have had one hundred this Morning, pray what's become of that, my Dear?

Lady Wrong. What's become of it? why I'll shew you, my *Love!* *Jenny!* have you the Bills about you?

Jenny. Yes, Mama.

Lady Wrong. What's become of it? why laid out, my Dear, with fifty more to it, that I was forc'd to borrow of the Count here.

Jenny. Yes, indeed, Papa, and that would hardly do neither—There's th' Account.

Sir Fran. [*Turning over the Bills.*] Let's see! let's see! what the Devil have we got here?

Man. Then you have sound'd your Aunt you say, and she readily comes into all I propos'd to you?

Myr. Sir, I'll answer, with my Life, she is most thankfully yours in every Article: She mightily desires to see you, Sir.

Man. I am going home, directly: Bring her to my House in half an Hour; and if she makes good what you tell me, you shall both find your Account in it.

Myr. Sir, she shall not fail you.

Sir Fran. Ods-life? Madam, here's nothing but Toys and Trinkets, and Fans, and Clock-Stockings, by wholesale.

Lady Wrong. There's nothing but what's proper, and for your Credit, Sir *Francis*—Nay, you see I am so good a Housewife, that in Necessaries for myself, I have scarce laid out a Shilling.

Sir Fran. No, by my troth, so it seems; for the Devil o' one thing's here, that I can see you have any occasion for!

Lady Wrong. My Dear! do you think I came hither to live out of the Fashion? why, the greatest Distinction of a fine Lady in this Town is in the variety of pretty Things that she has no Occasion for.

Jenny.

Jenny, Sure, Papa, could you imagine, that Women of Quality wanted nothing but Stays and Petticoats?

Lady Wrong. Now, that is so like him!

Man. So! the Family comes on finely. [Aside.

Lady Wrong. Lard, if Men were always to govern, what Dowdies would they reduce their Wives to!

Sir Fran. An hundred Pound in the Morning, and want another afore Night! Waunds and Fire! the Lord Mayor of *London* could not hold it at this rate!

Man. O! do you feel it, Sir? [Aside.

Lady Wrong. My Dear, you seem uneasy; let me have the hundred Pound, and compose yourself.

Sir Fran. Compose the Devil, Madam! why, do you consider what a hundred Pound a Day comes to in a Year?

Lady Wrong. My Life, if I account with you from one Day to another, that's really all my Head is able to bear at a time——But I'll tell you what I consider——I consider that my Advice has got you a thousand Pound a Year this Morning——That now methinks you might consider, Sir.

Sir Fran. A thousand a Year? Wounds, Madam, but I have not touch'd a Penny of it yet!

Man. Nor ever will, I'll answer for him. [Aside.

Enter Squire Richard.

Squ. Rich. Feyther, an you doan't come quickly, the Meat will be coal'd: and I'd fain pick a bit with you.

Lady Wrong. Bless me, Sir *Francis*! you are not going to sup by yourself!

Sir Fran. No, but I'm going to dine by myself, and that's pretty near the Matter, Madam.

Lady Wrong. Had not you as good stay a little, my Dear? we shall all eat in half an Hour; and I was thinking to ask my Cousin *Manly* to take a Family Morfel with us.

Sir Fran. Nay, for my Cousin's good Company, I don't care if I ride a Day's Journey without Baiting.

Man. By no means, Sir *Francis*. I am going upon a little Business.

Sir

86 *The PROVOK'D HUSBAND; or,*

Sir Fran. Well, Sir, I know you don't love Compliments.

Man. You'll excuse me, Madam——

Lady Wrong. Since you have Business, Sir——

[*Exit Manly.*]

Enter Mrs. Motherly.

O, *Mrs. Motherly!* you were saying this Morning, you had some very fine Lace to shew me——can't I see it now?

[*Sir Francis stares.*]

Moth. Why, really Madam, I had made a sort of a Promise to let the Countess of *Nicely* have the first Sight of it for the Birth-day: But your Ladyship——

Lady Wrong. O! I die if I don't see it before her.

Squ. Rich. Woan't you goa, Feyther?

Sir Fran. Waunds! Lad, I shall ha' noa } *Apart.*
Stomach at this Rate!

Moth. Well, Madam, though I say it, 'tis the sweetest Pattern that ever came over——and for Fineness——no Cobweb comes up to it!

Sir Fran. Ods Guts and Gizard, Madam! Lace as fine as a Cobweb! why, what the Devil's that to cost now?

Moth. Nay, Sir *Francis* does not like of it, Madam——

Lady Wrong. He like it! Dear *Mrs. Motherly*, he is not to wear it.

Sir Fran. Flesh, Madam, but I suppose I am to pay for it.

Lady Wrong. No doubt on't! Think of your thousand a Year, and who got it you, go! eat your Dinner, and be thankful, go. [*Driving him to the Door.*] Come, *Mrs. Motherly.*

[*Exit Lady Wronghead with Mrs. Motherly.*]

Sir Fran. Very fine! so here I mun fast, 'till I am almost famish'd for the Good of my Country; while Madam is laying me out an hundred Pound a Day in Lace, as fine as a Cobweb, for the Honour of my Family! Ods-flesh! things had need go well at this rate!

Squ. Rich. Nay, nay——come, Feyther.

[*Exit Sir Francis.*]

Enter

A JOURNEY to LONDON. 87

Enter Mrs. Motherly.

Moth. Madam, my Lady desires you and the Count will please to come and assist her Fancy in some of the new Laces.

Count Bas. We'll wait upon her——

[Exit Mrs. Motherly.]

Jenny. So ! I told you how it was ! you see she can't bear to leave us together.

Count Bas. No matter, my Dear : You know she has ask'd me to stay Supper : So, when your Papa and she are a-bed, Mrs. *Myrtille* will let me into the House again ; then you may steal into her Chamber, and we'll have a pretty Sneaker of Punch together.

Myr. Ay, ay, Madam, you may command me any thing.

Jenny. Well ! that will be pure !

Count Bas. But you had best go to her alone, my Life : it will look better if I come after you.

Jenny. Ay, so it will : And to-morrow you know at the Masquerade. And then !——hey ! *Oh, I'll have a Husband ! ay, Marry, &c.*

[Exit singing.]

Myr. So, Sir ! am not I very *commode* to you ?

Count Bas. Well, Child ! and don't you find your Account in it ? did not I tell you we might still be of use to one another ?

Myr. Well, but how stands your Affair with Miss, in the main ?

Count Bas. O she's mad for the Masquerade ! it drives like a Nail, we want nothing now but a Parson, to clinch it. Did not your Aunt say she could get one at a short Warning ?

Myr. Yes, yes, my Lord *Townly's* Chaplain is her Cousin you know ; he'll do your Business and mine, at the same time.

Count Bas. O ! it's true ! but where shall we appoint him ?

Myr. Why, you know my Lady *Townly's* House is always open to the Masques upon a Ball-night, before they go to the *Hay-market*.

Count Bas. Good.

Myr.

88 *The PROVOK'D HUSBAND; or,*

Myr. Now the Doctor purposes, we should all come thither in our Habits, and when the Rooms are full, we may steal up into his Chamber, he says, and there—crack—he'll give us all Canonical Commission to go to-bed together.

Count Bas. Admirable ! Well, the Devil fetch me, if I shall not be heartily glad to see thee well settled, Child.

Myr. And may the Black Gentleman tuck me under his Arm at the same time, if I shall not think myself oblig'd to you, as long as I live.

Count Bas. One Kiss for old Acquaintance sake—I'gad I shall want to be busy again !

Myr. O you'll have one shortly will find you Employment : But I must run to my Squire.

Count Bas. And I to the Ladies——so your humble Servant, sweet Mrs. *Wronghead*.

Myr. Yours, as in Duty bound, most noble Count *Basset*. [Exit Myr.]

Count Bas. Why ay ! Count ! That Title has been of some Use to me indeed ! not that I have any more Pretence to it, than I have to a blue Ribband. Yet, I have made a pretty considerable Figure in Life with it : I have loll'd in my own Chariot, dealt at Assemblies, din'd with Ambassadors, and made one at Quadrille, with the first Women of Quality——But——*Tempora mutantur*——since that damn'd Squadron at *White's* have left me out of their last Secret, I am reduced to trade upon my own Stock of Industry, and make my last Push upon a Wife : If my Card comes up right (which I think can't fail) I shall once more cut a Figure, and cock my Hat in the Face of the best of them ! For since our modern Men of Fortune are grown wise enough to be Sharpers : I think Sharpers are Fools that don't take up the Airs of Men of Quality. [Exit.]



ACT



ACT V. SCENE I.

SCENE, *Lord Townly's House.*

Enter Manly and Lady Grace.

Man. **T**HERE's something, Madam, hangs upon your Mind, to-day : Is it unfit to trust me with it ?

Lady Grace. Since you will know——my Sister then——unhappy Woman !

Man. What of her ?

Lady Grace. I fear is on the Brink of Ruin !

Man. I am sorry for it——what has happened ?

Lady Grace. Nothing so very new ! but the continual Repetition of it, at last has rais'd my Brother to an Intemperance that I tremble at.

Man. Have they had any Words upon it ?

Lady Grace. He has not seen her since Yesterday.

Man. What ! not at home all Night !

Lady Grace. About five this Morning in she came ! but with such Looks, and such an Equipage of Misfortunes at her Heels——what can become of her ?

Man. Has not my Lord seen her, say you ?

Lady Grace. No ! he chang'd his Bed last Night——I sat with him alone till twelve, in Expectation of her : But when the Clock struck, he started from his Chair, and grew incens'd to that Degree, that had I not, almost on my Knees, dissuaded him, he had ordered the Doors that Instant, to have been locked against her.

Man. How terrible is his Situation ? when the most justifiable Severities he can use against her, are liable to be the Mirth of all the dissolute Card-Tables in Town !

Lady

90 *The PROVOK'D HUSBAND; or,*

Lady Grace. 'Tis that, I know, has made him bear so long: But you that feel for him, Mr. *Manly*, will assist him to support his Honour, and, if possible, preserve his Quiet! therefore I beg you don't leave the House, 'till one or both of them can be wrought to better Temper.

Man. How amiable is this Concern, in you!

Lady Grace. For Heaven's sake don't mind me, but think on something to preserve us all.

Man. I shall not take the Merit of obeying your Commands, Madam, to serve my Lord——but pray, Madam, let me into all that has pass'd, since Yesternight.

Lady Grace. When my Intreaties had prevail'd upon my Lord, not to make a Story for the Town, by so public a Violence, as shutting her at once out of his Doors; he order'd the next Apartment to my Lady's, to be made ready for him——while that was doing——I try'd by all the little Arts I was Mistress of, to amuse him into Temper; in short, a silent Grief was all I could reduce him to——on this, we took our Leaves, and parted to our Repose: What his was, I imagine by my own: For I ne'er clos'd my Eyes. About five, as I told you, I heard my Lady at the Door; so slipt on a Gown, and sat almost an Hour with her, in her own Chamber.

Man. What said she, when she did not find my Lord there?

Lady Grace. O! so far from being shock'd or alarm'd at it; that she bless'd the Occasion! and said, that in her Condition, the Chat of a Female Friend was far preferable to the best Husband's Company in the World.

Man. Where has she Spirits to support so much Insensibility?

Lady Grace. Nay! 'tis incredible! for though she had lost every Shilling she had in the World, and stretch'd her Credit ev'n to breaking; she rallied her own Follies with such Vivacity, and painted the Penance, she knows she must undergo for them, in such ridiculous Lights, that had not my Concern for a Brother been too strong for her Wit, she had almost disarm'd my Anger.

Man.

A JOURNEY to LONDON. 91

Man. Her Mind may have another Cast by this time: The most flagrant Dispositions have their Hours of Anguish; which their Pride conceals from Company; But pray, Madam, how could she avoid coming down to dine?

Lady Grace. O! she took care of that before she went to bed; by ordering her Woman, whenever she was ask'd for, to say, she was not well.

Man. You have seen her since she was up, I presume?

Lady Grace. Up! I question whether she be awake yet:

Man. Terrible! What a Figure does she make now! That Nature should throw away so much Beauty upon a Creature, to make such a flatternly Use of it?

Lady Grace. O fy! there is not a more elegant Beauty in Town, when she's dress'd.

Man. In my Eye, Madam, she that's early dress'd, has ten times her Elegance.

Lady Grace. But she won't be long now, I believe: For I think I see her Chocolate going up——*Mrs. Trusty*, —a hem!

Mrs. Trusty comes to the Door.

Man. [*Aside.*] Five o'Clock in the Afternoon, for a Lady of Quality's Breakfast, is an elegant Hour indeed! which to shew her more polite way of living too, I presume, she eats in her Bed.

Lady Grace. [*To Mrs. Trusty.*] And when she is up, I would be glad she would let me come to her Toilet——That's all, *Mrs. Trusty*.

Trusty. I will be sure to let her Ladyship know, Madam. [*Exit Mrs. Trusty.*]

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Sir Francis Wronghead, Sir, desires to speak with you.

Man. He comes unseasonably——what shall I do with him!

Lady Grace. O see him by all means, we shall have time enough; in the mean while I'll step in, and have an Eye upon my Brother. Nay, don't mind [me—you have Business,——

Man.

92 *The PROVOK'D HUSBAND; or,*

Man. You must be obey'd——

[Retreating while Lady Grace goes out.]

Desire *Sir Francis* to walk in——

[Exit Servant.]

I suppose by this time his wife *Worship* begins to find, that the Balance of his Journey to *London* is on the wrong side.

Enter Sir Francis.

Sir Francis, your Servant; how came I by the Favour of this extraordinary Visit?

Sir Fran. Ah! Cousin!

Man. Why that sorrowful Face, *Man*?

Sir Fran. I have no Friend alive but you——

Man. I am sorry for that——but what's the Matter?

Sir Fran. I have play'd the Fool by this Journey, I see now——for my bitter Wife——

Man. What of her?

Sir Fran. Is playing the Devil!

Man. Why truly, that's a part that most of your fine Ladies begin with, as soon as they get to *London*.

Sir Fran. If I am a living *Man*, Cousin, she has made away with above two hundred and fifty Pounds since Yesterday Morning!

Man. Hah! I see a good Housewife will do a great deal of Work in a little time.

Sir Fran. Work do they call it! Fine Work indeed!

Man. Well, but how do you mean made away with it? What, she has laid it out, may be——but I suppose you have an Account of it.

Sir Fran. Yes, yes, I have had the Account indeed; but I mun needs say, it's a very sorry one.

Man. Pray, let's hear.

Sir Fran. Why, first I let her have an hundred and fifty, to get things handsom about her, to let the World see that I was Some-body! and I thought that Sum was very genteel.

Man. Indeed I think so; and in the Country, might have serv'd her a Twelve-month.

Sir Fran. Why, so it might——but here in this fine Tawn, forsooth! it could not get through four

and

and twenty Hours——for in half that time, it was all squander'd away in Bawbles, and new-fashion'd Trumpery.

Man. O! for Ladies in *London*, Sir *Francis*, all this might be necessary.

Sir Fran. Noa! there's the Plague on't! the Devil o' one useful Thing do I see for it, but two pair of lac'd Shoes, and those stond me in three Pound three Shillings a Pair too.

Man. Dear Sir! this is nothing! Why we have City Wives here, that while their good Man is selling three Penny worth of Sugar, will give you twenty Pound for a short Apron.

Sir Fran. Mercy on us! What a mortal poor Devil is a Husband!

Man. Well, but I hope, you have nothing else to complain of?

Sir Fran. Ah! would I could say so too—but there's another hundred behind yet, that goes more to my Heart, than all that went before it.

Man. And how might that be disposed of?

Sir Fran. Troth I am almost asham'd to tell you.

Man. Out with it.

Sir Fran. Why she has been at an Assembly.

Man. What, since I saw you! I thought you had all slept at home last Night?

Sir Fran. Why, so we did——and all as merry as Grigs——I'cod! my Heart was so open, that I to's'd another hundred into her Apron, to go out early this Morning with——But the Cloth was no sooner taken away, than in comes my Lady *Townly* here, (——who between you and I——mum! has had the Devil to pay yonder——) with another rantipole Dame of Quality, and out they must have her, they said, to introduce her at my Lady *Noble's* Assembly forsooth——a few Words, you may be sure, made the Bargain——so, bawnce! and away they drive as if the Devil had got into the Coach-box——so about four or five in the Morning——home comes Madam, with her Eyes a Foot deep in her Head——and my poor hundred Pound left behind her at the Hazard-Table.

Man.

94 *The PROVOK'D HUSBAND; or,*

Man. All lost at Dice!

Sir Fran. Every Shilling——among a Parcel of Pig-tail Puppies, and pale-fac'd Women of Quality.

Man. But pray, *Sir Francis*, how came you, after you found her so ill an Housewife of one Sum, so soon to trust her with another?

Sir Fran. Why truly, I mun say that was partly my own Fault: For if I had not been a Blab of my Tongue, I believe that last hundred might have been fav'd.

Man. How so?

Sir Fran. Why, like an Owl as I was, out of Good-will, forsooth, partly to keep her in Humour, I must needs tell her of the thousand Pound a Year, I had just got the Promise of—I'cod! she lays her Claws upon it that Moment——said it was all owing to her Advice, and truly she would have her Share on't.

Man. What, before you had it yourself?

Sir Fran. Why ay! that's what I told her——My Dear, said I, mayhap I mayn't receive the first Quarter on't this half Year.

Man. *Sir Francis*, I have heard you with a great deal of Patience, and I really feel Compassion for you.

Sir Fran. Truly, and well you may, Cousin, for I don't see that my Wife's Goodness is a bit the better, for bringing to *London*.

Man. If you remember I gave you a Hint of it.

Sir Fran. Why ay, it's true you did so: But the Devil himself could not have believ'd she would have rid Post to him.

Man. Sir, if you stay but a Fortnight in this Town, you will every Day see hundreds as fast upon the Gallop, as she is.

Sir Fran. Ah! this *London* is a base Place indeed——waunds, if Things should happen to go wrong with me at *Westminster*, at this rate, how the Devil shall I keep out of a Jail?

Man. Why truly, there seems to me but one way to avoid it.

Sir Fran. Ah! would you could tell me that, Cousin.

Man.

A JOURNEY to LONDON. 95

Man. The way lies plain before you, Sir; the same Road that brought you hither will carry you safe home again.

Sir Fran. Ods flesh! Cousin, what! and leave a thousand Pound a Year behind me?

Man. Pooh! pooh! leave any thing behind you, but your Family, and you are a Saver by it.

Sir Fran. Ay, but consider, Cousin, what a scurvy Figure shall I make in the Country, if I come dawns withawt it!

Man. You will make a much more lamentable Figure in a Jail without it.

Sir Fran. Mayhap 'at yow have no great Opinion of it then, Cousin?

Man. Sir Francis, to do you the Service of a real Friend, I must speak very plainly to you: You don't yet see half the Ruin that's before you?

Sir Fran. Good-lack! how may yow mean, Cousin?

Man. In one Word, your whole Affairs stand thus——In a Week you'll lose your Seat at *Westminster*: In a Fortnight my Lady will run you into Jail, by keeping the best Company——In four and twenty Hours, your Daughter will run away with a Sharper, because she han't been us'd to better Company: And your Son will steal into Marriage with a Cast-Mistress, because he has not been used to any Company at all.

Sir Fran. I' th' Name o' Goodness why should you think all this?

Man. Because I have Proof of it; in short, I know so much of their Secrets, that if all this is not prevented to-night, it will be out of your Power to do it to-morrow Morning.

Sir Fran. Mercy upon us! you frighten me——Well, Sir, I will be govern'd by yow: But what am I to do in this Case?

Man. I have not time here to give you proper Instructions: But about eight this Evening, I'll call at your Lodgings; and there you shall have full Conviction, how much I have it at Heart to serve you.

Enter

96 *The PROVOK'D HUSBAND; or,*

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Sir, my Lord desires to speak with you.

Man. I'll wait upon him.

Sir Fran. Well then, I'll go straight home, naw.

Man. At Eight depend upon me.

Sir Fran. Ah! dear Cousin! I shall be bound to you as long as I live. Mercy deliver us! what a terrible Journey have I made on't! *[Exeunt severally.]*

The SCENE opens to a Dressing Room. Lady Townly, as just up, walks to her Toilet, leaning on Mrs. Trusty.

Trusty. Dear Madam, what should make your Ladyship so out of order!

Lady Town. How is it possible to be well, where one is kill'd for want of Sleep?

Trusty. Dear me! it was so long before you rung, Madam, I was in hopes your Ladyship had been finely compos'd.

Lady Town. Compos'd! why I have lain in an Inn here! this House is worse than an Inn with ten Stage-Coaches! What between my Lord's impertinent People of Business in a Morning, and the intolerable thick Shoes of Footmen at Noon, one has not a wink all Night.

Trusty. Indeed, Madam, it's a great pity my Lord can't be persuaded into the Hours of People of Quality——Though I must say that, Madam, your Ladyship is certainly the best Matrimonial Manager in Town.

Lady Town. Oh! you are quite mistaken; *Trusty!* I manage very ill! for notwithstanding all the Power I have, by never being over-fond of my Lord——yet I want Money infinitely oftner than he is willing to give it me.

Trusty.

A JOURNEY to LONDON. 197

Trusty. Ah, if his Lordship could but be brought to play himself, Madam, then he might feel what it is to want Money.

Lady Town. Oh! don't talk of it! do you know that I am undone, *Trusty*?

Trusty. Mercy forbid, Madam!

Lady Town. Broke! ruin'd! plunder'd!—stripp'd, even to a Confiscation of my last Guinea.

Trusty. You don't tell me so, Madam!

Lady Town. And where to raise ten Pound in the World—What is to be done, *Trusty*?

Trusty. Truly, I wish I were wise enough to tell you, Madam: But may be your Ladyship may have a run of better Fortune, upon some of the good Company that comes here to-night.

Lady Town. But I have not a single Guinea to try my Fortune!

Trusty. Ha! that's a bad Business indeed, Madam—Adad! I have a Thought in my Head, Madam, if it is not too late——

Lady Town. Out with it quickly then, I beseech thee?

Trusty. Has not the Steward something of fifty Pound, Madam, that you left in his hands, to pay somebody about this time?

Lady Town. O! ay! I had forgot—'twas to—a—what's his filthy Name?

Trusty. Now I remember, Madam, 'twas to Mr. *Lute-string* your old Mercer, that your Ladyship turn'd off, about a Year ago, because he would trust you no longer.

Lady Town. The very Wretch! if he has not paid it, run quickly, Dear *Trusty*, and bid him bring it hither immediately——[*Exit Trusty.*] Well! sure mortal Woman never had such Fortune! Five! Five, and Nine, against poor Seven for ever!——No! after that horrid Bar of my Chance, that Lady *Wronghead's* fatal red Fift upon the Table, I saw it was impossible, ever, to win another Stake——Sit up all Night! lose all one's Money! dream of winning Thousands! wake without a Shilling! and Then——how like a Hag I look! In short——the Pleasures of Life, are not
E worth

98 *The PROVOK'D HUSBAND; or,*

worth this Disorder! If it were not for Shame now, I could almost think, Lady Grace's sober Scheme not quite so ridiculous——If my wife Lord could but hold his Tongue for a Week, 'tis odds, but I should hate the Town in a Fortnight——But I will not be driven out of it, that's positive!

[Trusty returns.

Trusty. O Madam! there is no bearing it! Mr. *Lutestring* was just let in at the Door, as I came to the Stair-Foot; and the Steward is now actually paying him the Money in the Hall.

Lady Town. Run to the Stair-case Head, again——and scream to him, that I must speak with him this Instant.

[Trusty runs out, and speaks.

Trusty. Mr. *Poundage*——a hem! Mr. *Poundage*, a word with you quickly.

Pound. [within.] I'll come to you presently.

Trusty. Presently won't do, Man, you must come this Minute.

} without.

Pound. I am but just paying a little Money, here.

Trusty. Cods my Life! paying Money? is the Man distracted? Come here I tell you, to my Lady, this Moment, quick!

[Trusty returns.

Lady Town. Will the Monster come or no?——

Trusty. Yes, I hear him now, Madam, he is hobbling up, as fast as he can.

Lady Town. Don't let him come in—for he will keep such a babbling about his Accounts,—my Brain is not able to bear him.

[*Poundage* comes to the Door with a Money-bag in his Hand.

Trusty. O! it's well you are come, Sir! where's the fifty Pound?

Pound. Why here it is; if you had not been in such haste, I should have paid it by this time——the Man's now writing a Receipt, below, for it.

Trusty. No matter! my Lady says, you must not pay him with that Money, there is not enough, it seems; there's

there's a Pistole, and a Guinea, that is not good in it,
—besides there is a mistake in the Account too—
[*Twitching the Bag from him.*] But she is not at leisure
to examine it now; so you must bid Mr. What-d'ye-
call-um call another time.

Lady Town. What is all that Noise there?

Pound. Why and it please your Ladyship—

Lady Town. Pr'ythee! don't plague me now, but do
as you were order'd.

Pound. Nay, what your Ladyship pleases, Madam—
[*Exit Poundage.*]

Trusty. There they are, Madam—[*Pours the Money
out of the Bag.*] The pretty Things—were so near
falling into a nasty Tradesman's hands, I protest it made
me tremble for them—I fancy your Ladyship had as
good give me that bad Guinea, for luck's sake—thank
you, Madam. [Takes a Guinea.]

Lady Town. Why, I did not bid you take it.

Trusty. No, but your Ladyship look'd as if you were
just going to bid me, and so I was willing to save you
the trouble of speaking, Madam.

Lady Town. Well! thou hast deserv'd it, and so, for
once——but hark! don't I hear the Man making a
noise yonder? Though I think now we may compound
for a little of his ill Humour——

Trusty. I'll listen.

Lady Town. Pr'ythee do. [Trusty goes to the Door.]

Trusty. Ay! they are at it, Madam—he's in a bitter
Passion, with poor Poundage——bless me! I believe
he'll beat him——mercy on us; how the Wretch
swears!

Lady Town. And a sober Citizen too! that's a shame!

Trusty. Ha! I think all's silent, of a sudden——
may be the Porter has knock'd him down—I'll step and
see—— [Exit Trusty.]

Lady Town. Those Trades-people are the troublesomest
Creatures! no Words will satisfy them!

[Trusty returns.]

Trusty. O Madam! undone! undone! My Lord has
just bolted out upon the Man, and is hearing all his piti-
ful

100 *The PROVOK'D HUSBAND; or,*

ful Story over—if your Ladyship pleases to come hither, you may hear him yourself?

Lady Townly. No matter: It will come round presently: I shall have it from my Lord; without losing a Word by the Way, I'll warrant you.

Trusty. O lud! Madam! here's my Lord just coming in.

Lady Town. Do you get out of the way then. [*Exit Trusty.*] I am afraid I want Spirits! but he will soon give 'em me.

Enter Lord Townly.

Lord Town. How comes it, Madam, that a Tradesman dares be clamorous in my House, for Money due to him, from you?

Lady Town. You don't expect, my Lord, that I should answer for other Peoples Impertinence!

Lord Town. I expect, Madam, you should answer for your own Extravagances, that are the occasion of it—I thought I had given you Money three Months ago, to satisfy all these sort of People!

Lady Town. Yes, but you see they never are to be satisfied.

Lord Town. Nor am I, Madam, longer to be abus'd thus! what's become of the last five hundred I gave you?

Lady Town. Gone.

Lord Town. Gone! what way, Madam?

Lady Town. Half the Town over, I believe, by this time.

Lord Town. 'Tis well! I see Ruin will make no Impression, 'till it falls upon you.

Lady Town. In short, my Lord, if Money is always the subject of our Conversation, I shall make you no Answer.

Lord Town. Madam, Madam! I will be heard, and make you Answer.

Lady Town. Make me! then I must tell you, my Lord, this is a Language I have not been us'd to, and I won't bear it.

Lord

A JOURNEY to LONDON. 101

Lord Town. Come! come, Madam, you shall bear a great deal more, before I part with you.

Lady Town. My Lord, if you insult me, you will have as much to bear, on your side, I can assure you.

Lord Town. Pooh! your Spirit grows ridiculous—— you have neither Honour, Worth, or Innocence, to support it!

Lady Town. You'll find, at least, I have Resentment! and do you look well to the Provocation!

Lord Town. After those you have given me, Madam, 'tis almost infamous, to talk with you.

Lady Town. I scorn your Imputation, and your Menaces! The Narrowness of your Heart's your Monitor! 'tis there! there, my Lord, you are wounded; you have less to complain of than many Husbands of an equal Rank to you.

Lord Town. Death, Madam! do you presume upon your Corporal Merit! that your Person's less tainted, than your Mind! is it there! there alone an honest Husband can be injur'd? Have you not every other Vice that can debase your Birth, or stain the Heart of Woman? Is not your Health, your Beauty, Husband, Fortune, Family disclaim'd, for Nights consum'd in Riot and Extravagance? The Wanton does no more; if she conceals her Shame, does less: And sure the Dissolute avow'd, as sorely wrongs my Honour, and my Quiet.

Lady Town. I see, my Lord, what sort of Wife might please you.

Lord Town. Ungrateful Woman! could you have seen yourself, you in yourself had seen her——I am amaz'd our Legislature has left no Precedent of a Divorce for this more visible injury, this Adultery of the Mind, as well as that of the Person! when a Woman's whole Heart is alienated to Pleasures I have no Share in, what is't to me, whether a black Ace, or a powder'd Coxcomb has Possession of it?

Lady Town. If you have not found it yet, my Lord, this is not the way to get Possession of mine, depend upon it.

102 *The PROVOK'D HUSBAND; or,*

Lord Town. That, Madam, I have long despair'd of; and since our Happiness cannot be mutual, 'tis fit, that with our Hearts, our Persons too should separate.— This House you sleep no more in! Tho' your Content might grossly feed upon the Dishonour of a Husband, yet my Desires would starve upon the Features of a Wife.

Lady Town. Your Stile, my Lord, is much of the same De'icacy with your Sentiments of Honour.

Lord Town. Madam, Madam! this is no time for Compliments—I have done with you.

Lady Town. If we had never met, my Lord, I had not broke my Heart for it! but have a care! I may not, perhaps, be so easily recall'd as you imagine.

Lord Town. Recall'd!—Who's there! [*Enter a Servant.*] Desire my Sister and Mr. Manly to walk up.

Lady Town. My Lord, you may proceed as you please, but pray what Indiscretions have I committed, that are not daily practis'd by a hundred other Women of Quality?

Lord Town. 'Tis not the Number of ill Wives, Madam, that makes the Patience of a Husband less contemptible: and tho' a bad one may be the best Man's Lot, yet he'll make a better figure in the World, that keeps his Misfortunes out of Doors, than he that tamely keeps them Within.

Lady Town. I don't know what Figure you may make, my Lord, but I shall have no Reason to be ashamed of mine, in whatever Company I may meet you.

Lord Town. Be sparing of your Spirit, Madam, you'll need it to support you.

Enter Lady Grace and Manly.

Mr. Manly, I have an Act of Friendship to beg of you, which wants more Apologies, than Words can make for it.

Man. Then pray make none, my Lord, that I may have the greater Merit in obliging you.

Lord Town. Sister, I have the same Excuse to intreat of you too.

Lady Grace. To your Request, I beg, my Lord.

Lord Town. Thus then—as you both were present at my ill-consider'd Marriage, I now desire you each will be a Witness of my determin'd Separation—I know, Sir, your Good-nature, and my Sister's must be shock'd at the Office I impose on you! But, as I don't ask your Justification of my Cause; so I hope you are conscious—that an ill Woman can't reproach you, if you are silent, upon her side.

Man. My Lord, I never thought, 'till now, it could be difficult to oblige you.

Lady Grace. [*Aside.*] Heavens! how I tremble!

Lord Town. For you, my Lady Townly, I need not here repeat the Provocations of my parting with you—the World, I fear, is too well inform'd of them—For the good Lord, your dead Father's sake, I will still support you, as his Daughter—As the Lord Townly's Wife, you have had every thing a fond Husband could bestow, and (to our mutual Shame I speak it) more than happy Wives desire—But those Indulgences must end! State, Equipage and Splendor, but ill become the Vices that misuse 'em—The decent Necessaries of Life shall be supply'd—but not one Article to Luxury! Not even the Coach, that waits to carry you from hence, shall you ever use again! Your tender Aunt, my Lady Lovemore, with Tears, this Morning, has consented to receive you; where if Time, and your Condition, brings you to a due Reflexion, your Allowance shall be increas'd—But, if you still are lavish of your little, or pine for past licentious Pleasures, that little shall be less! nor will I call that Soul my Friend, that names you in my Hearing!

Lady Grace. My Heart bleeds for her! [*Aside.*]

Lord Town. O Manly! look there! turn back thy Thoughts with me, and witness to my growing Love! there was a time when I believ'd that Form incapable of Vice or of Decay! There I propos'd the Partner of an easy Home! There! I, for ever, hop'd to find, a chearful Companion, an agreeable Intimate, a faithful Friend, a useful Help-mate, and a tender Mother—But oh! how bitter now the Disappointment!

104 *The PROVOK'D HUSBAND; or,*

Man. The World is different in its Sense of Happiness: Offended as you are, I know you will still be just.

Lord Town. Fear me not.

Man. This last Reproach, I see, has struck her.

[Aside.

Lord Town. No, let me not (though I this Moment cast her from my Heart for ever) let me not urge her Punishment beyond her Crimes ——— I know the World is fond of any Tale that feeds its appetite of Scandal: And as I am conscious, Severities of this kind seldom fail of Imputations too gross to mention, I here, before you both, acquit her of the least Suspicion rais'd against the Honour of my Bed. Therefore, when abroad her Conduct may be question'd, do her Fame that Justice.

Lady Town. O Sister! *[Turns to Lady Grace weeping.*

Lord Town. When I am spoken of, where without Favour this Action may be canvass'd, relate but half my Provocations, and give me up to Censure. *[Going.*

Lady Town. Support me! save me! hide me from the World! *[Falls on Lady Grace's Neck.*

Lord Town. *[Returning.]*——I had forgot me——You have no Share in my Resentment, therefore, as you have liv'd in Friendship with her, Your Parting may admit of gentler Terms than suit the Honour of an injur'd Husband. *[Offers to go out.*

Man. *[Interposing.]* My Lord, you must not, shall not leave her thus! One Moment's Stay can do your Cause no wrong! If Looks can speak the Anguish of the Heart, I'll answer with my Life, there's something labouring in her Mind, that would you bear the hearing, might deserve it.

Lord Town. Consider! since we no more can meet; press not my Staying, to insult her.

Lady Town. Yet stay, my Lord——the little I would say, will not deserve an Insult; and undeserv'd, I know your Nature gives it not. But as you've call'd in Friends, to witness your Resentment, let them be equal Hearers of my last Reply.

Lord Town. I shan't refuse you that, Madam——be it so.

Lady

A JOURNEY to LONDON. 105

Lady Town. My Lord, you ever have complain'd I wanted Love; but as you kindly have allowed I never gave it to another; so when you hear the Story of my Heart, though you may still complain, you will not wonder at my Coldness.

Lady Grace. This promises a Reverse of Temper.

[*Apart.*]

Man. This, my Lord, you are concern'd to hear!

Lord Town. Proceed, I am attentive.

Lady Town. Before I was your Bride, my Lord, the flattering World had talk'd me into Beauty; which, at my Glass, my youthful Vanity confirm'd: Wild with that Fame, I thought Mankind my Slaves, I triumph'd over Hearts while all my Pleasure was their Pain: Yet was my own so equally insensible to all, that when a Father's firm Commands enjoin'd me to make choice of One; I even there declin'd the Liberty he gave, and to his own Election yielded up my Youth——his tender Care, my Lord, directed him to You——Our Hands were join'd! But still my Heart was wedded to its Folly! My only Joy was Power, Command, Society, Profuseness, and to lead in Pleasures! The Husband's Right to Rule, I thought a vulgar Law, which only the Deform'd or Meanly-spirited obey'd! I knew no Directors, but my Passions; no Master, but my Will! Even you, my Lord, some time o'ercome by Love, was pleas'd with my Delights; nor, then, foresaw this mad Misuse of your Indulgence——And, though I call myself ungrateful, while I own it, yet, as a Truth, it cannot be deny'd——That kind Indulgence has undone me! it added Strength to my habitual Failings, and in a Heart thus warm, in wild unthinking Life, no wonder if the gentler Sense of Love was Lost.

Lord Town. O *Manly!* where has this Creature's Heart been buried?

Man. If yet recoverable——How vast a } *Apart.*
Treasure?

Lady Town. What, I have said, my Lord, is not my Excuse, but my Confession! my Errors (give 'em if you please, a harder Name) cannot be defended! No! What's

106 *The PROVOK'D HUSBAND; or,*

in its Nature Wrong, no Words can palliate, no Plea can alter ! What then remains in my Condition, but Resignation to your Pleasure ? Time only can convince you of my future Conduct : Therefore, 'till I have liv'd an Object of Forgiveness, I dare not hope for Pardon—— The Penance of a lonely contrite Life were little to the Innocent ; but to have deserv'd this Separation, will strow perpetual Thorns upon my Pillow.

Lady Grace. O happy, heavenly Hearing !

Lady Town. Sister, Farewel ! [*Kissing her.*] Your Virtue needs no Warning from the Shame that falls on me : But when you think I have aton'd my Follies past —— persuade your injur'd Brother to forgive them.

Lord Town. No, Madam ! Your Errors thus renounc'd, this Instant are forgotten ! So deep, so due a Sense of them, has made you, what my utmost Wishes form'd, and all my Heart has sigh'd for.

Lady Town. [*Turning to Lady Grace.*] How odious does this Goodness make me !

Lady Grace. How amiable your thinking so ?

Lord Town. Long-parted Friends, that pass through easy Voyages of Life, receive but common Gladness in their Meeting : But from a Shipwreck sav'd, we mingle Tears with our Embraces ! [*Embracing Lady Townly.*

Lady Town. What Words ! what Love ! what Duty can repay such Obligations ?

Lord Town. Preserve but this Desire to please, your Power is endless !

Lady Town. Oh !——'till this Moment, never did I know, my Lord, I had a Heart to give you !

Lord Town. By Heav'n ! this yielding Hand, when first it gave you to my Wishes, presented not a Treasure more desirable ! O Manly ! Sister ! as you have often shar'd in my Disquiet, partake of my Felicity ! my new-born Joy ! see here the Bride of my Desires ! This may be called my Wedding-day !

Lady Grace. Sister ! (for now methinks that Name is dearer to my Heart than ever) let me congratulate the Happiness that opens to you.

Man. Long, long, and mutual may it flow——

A JOURNEY to LONDON. 107

Lord *Town*. To make our Happiness compleat, my Dear, join here with me to give a Hand, that amply will repay the Obligation.

Lady *Town*. Sister! a Day like this——

Lady *Grace*. Admits of no Excuse against the general Joy. [Gives her Hand to Manly.

Man. A Joy like mine——despairs of Words to speak it.

Lord *Town*. O Manly! how the Name of Friend endears the Brother! [Embracing him.

Man. Your Words, my Lord, will warm me, to deserve them.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. My Lord, the Apartments are full of Masqueraders——And some People of Quality there desire to see your Lordship, and my Lady.

Lady *Town*. I thought, my Lord, your Orders had forbid this Revelling?

Lord *Town*. No, my Dear, Manly has desir'd their Admittance to-night, it seems upon a particular Occasion——Say we will wait upon them instantly.

[Exit Servant.

Lady *Town*. I shall be but ill Company to them.

Lord *Town*. No matter: not to see them, would on a sudden be too particular. Lady *Grace* will assist you to entertain them.

Lady *Town*. With her, my Lord, I shall be always easy——Sister, to your unerring Virtue, I now commit the Guidance of my future Days——

Never the Paths of Pleasure more to tread,
But where your guarded Innocence shall lead.
For in the Marriage-state the World must own,
Divided Happiness was never known.
To make it mutual, Nature points the Way:
Let Husbands govern: Gentle Wives obey.

[Exit.

The SCENE opening to another Apartment discovers a great Number of People in Masquerade talking all together, and playing upon one another: Lady Wronghead as a Shepherdess; Jenny, as a Nun; the Squire as a running Footman; and the Count in a Domino. After some time, Lord and Lady Townly, with Lady Grace, enter to them unmask'd.

Lord Town. So! here's a great deal of Company.

Lady Grace. A great many People, my Lord, but no Company——as you'll find——for here's one now, that seems to have a mind to entertain us.

[A Mask, after some affected Gesture, makes up to Lady Townly.]

Mask. Well, dear Lady Townly, shan't we see you, by and-by?

Lady Town. I don't know you, Madam.

Mask. Don't you, seriously? *[In a squeaking Ton.]*

Lady Town. Not I, indeed.

Mask. Well, that's charming; but can't you guess?

Lady Town. Yes, I could guess wrong, I believe.

Mask. That's what I'd have you do.

Lady Town. But, Madam, if I don't know you at all, is not that as well?

Mask. Ay, but you do know me.

Lady Town. Dear Sister, take her off o' my Hands; there's no bearing this. *[Apart.]*

Lady Grace. I fancy I know you, Madam.

Mask. I fancy you don't: What makes you think you do?

Lady Grace. Because I have heard you talk.

Mask. Ay, but you don't know my Voice, I'm sure.

Lady Grace. There is something in your Wit and Humour, Madam, so very much your own, it is impossible you can be any Body but my Lady Trifle.

Mask. *[Unmasking.]* Dear Lady Grace! thou art a charming Creature.

Lady Grace. Is there no Body else we know here?

Mask.

A JOURNEY to LONDON. 109

Mask. O dear, yes! I have found out fifty already.

Lady Grace. Pray, who are they?

Mask. O, charming Company! there's *Lady Ramble*

—— *Lady Riot* —— *Lady Kill-Care* —— *Lady Squander* —— *Lady Strip* —— *Lady Parwn* ——
and the Dutchess of *Single-Guinea*.

Lord Town. Is it not hard, my Dear! that
People of Sense and Probity are sometimes
forc'd to seem fond of such Company?

Lady Town. My Lord, it will always give
me pain to remember their Acquaintance,
but none to drop it immediately.

Apart.

Lady Grace. But you have given us no Account of the
Men, Madam. Are they good for any thing?

Mask. O yes! you must know, I always find out them
by their Endeavours to find out me.

Lady Grace. Pray who are they?

Mask. Why, for your Men of Tip-top Wit and Plea-
sure, about Town, there's my Lord —— *Bite* ——

Lord *Arch-wag* —— Young *Brazen-wit* —— Lord
Timberdown —— Lord *Joint-Life* —— and ——

Lord *Mortgage*. Then for your pretty Fellows only ——
there's Sir *Powder-Peacock* —— Lord *Lapwing*, —— *Billy*
Magpye —— Beau *Frightful* —— Sir *Paul Plaister-crown*,
and the Marquis of *Monkey-man*.

Lady Grace. Right! and these are the fine Gentle-
men that never want Elbow-room at an Assembly.

Mask. The rest I suppose, by their tawdry hired
Habits, are Tradesmens Wives, Inns-of-Court Beaux,
Jews, and kept Mistresses.

Lord Town. An admirable Collection!

Lady Grace. Well, of all our Public Diversions, I
am amaz'd how this that is so very expensive, and has
so little to shew for it, can draw so much Company to-
gether.

Lord Town. O! if it were not expensive, the better
fort would not come into it: And because Money can
purchase a Ticket, the common People scorn to be kept
out of it.

Mask. Right, my Lord; Poor *Lady Grace*! I suppose
you

110 *The PROVOK'D HUSBAND; or,*

you are under the same Astonishment, that an Opera should draw so much good Company.

Lady Grace. Not at all, Madam; it's an easier matter sure to Gratify the Ear, than the Understanding. But have you no Notion, Madam, of receiving Pleasure and Profit at the same time?

Mask. Oh! quite none! unless it be sometimes winning a great Stake; laying down a *Vole, sans prendre* may come up, to the profitable Pleasure you were speaking of.

Lord Town. You seem attentive, my Dear?

Lady Town. I am, my Lord; and amaz'd at my own Follies, so strongly painted in another Woman. } *Apart.*

Lady Grace. But see, my Lord, we had best adjourn our Debate, I believe, for here are some Masks that seem to have a mind to divert other People as well as themselves.

Lord Town. The least we can do is to give them a clear Stage then.

[A Dance of Masks here in various Characters.]
This was a Favour extraordinary.

Enter Manly.

O *Manly*! I thought we had lost you.

Man. I ask Pardon, my Lord; but I have been oblig'd to look a little after my Country Family.

Lord Town. Well, pray, what have you done with them?

Man. They are all in the House here, among the Masks, my Lord; if your Lordship has Curiosity enough, to step into a lower Apartment, in three Minutes I'll give you an ample Account of them.

Lord Town. O! by all means: We will wait upon you. *[The Scene shuts upon the Masks to a smaller Apartment.]*

Manly re-enters with Sir Francis Wronghead.

Sir Fran. Well, Cousin, you have made my very Hair stand on End! Waunds! if what you tell me be true, I'll stuff my whole Family into a Stage-Coach,
and

A JOURNEY to LONDON. III

and trundle them into the Country again on *Monday Morning*.

Man. Stick to that, Sir, and we may yet find a Way to redeem all; In the mean time, place yourself behind this Screen, and for the Truth of what I have told you, take the Evidence of your own Senses: But be sure you keep close till I give you the Signal.

Sir Fran. Sir! I'll warrant you——Ah! my Lady, my Lady *Wronghead*! What a bitter Business have you drawn me into?

Man. Hush! to your Post; here comes one Couple already.

Sir Francis retires behind the Screen. [Exit Manly.

Enter Myrtilla with Squire Richard.

Squ. Rich. What! is this the Doctor's Chamber?

Myr. Yes, yes; speak softly.

Squ. Rich. Well, but where is he?

Myr. He'll be ready for us presently, but he says he can't do us the good Turn, without Witnesses: So, when the Count and your Sister come, you know he and you may be Fathers for one another.

Squ. Rich. Well, well, Tit for Tat! ay, ay, that will be friendly.

Myr. And see! here they come.

Enter Count Basset, and Miss Jenny.

Count Bas. So, so, here's your Brother, and his Bride, before us, my Dear.

Jenny. Well, I vow my Heart's at my Mouth still! I thought I should never have got rid of Mama! but while she stood gaping upon the Dance, I gave her the slip! Lawd! do but feel how it beats here.

Count Bas. O the pretty Flutterer! I protest, my Dear, you have put mine into the same Palpitation!

Jenny. Ah! you say so——but let's see now——O Lud! I vow it thumps purely——well, well, I see it will do, and so where's the Parson?

Count Bas. Mrs. *Myrtilla*, will you be so good as to see if the Doctor's ready for us?

Myr.

112 *The PROVOK'D HUSBAND; or*

Myr. He only staid for you, Sir: I'll fetch him immediately.

Jenny. Pray, Sir, am not I to take Place of Mama, when I'm a Countess?

Count Bas. No doubt on't, my Dear.

Jenny. O Lud! how her Back will be up then, when she meets me at an Assembly? or you and I in our Coach and Six, at *Hyde-Park* together?

Count Bas. Ay, or when she hears the Box-keepers, at an Opera, call out—*The Countess of Basset's Servants!*

Jenny. Well, I say it, that will be delicious! And then, mayhap, to have a fine Gentleman with a Star and what-d'ye-call um Ribbon, lead me to my Chair, with his Hat under his Arm all the Way! Hold up, says the Chairman, and so, says I, my Lord, your humble Servant I suppose, Madam, says he, we shall see you at my Lady *Quadrille's*! Ay, ay, to be sure my Lord, says I———So in swops me, with my Hoop stuff'd up to my Forehead! and away they trot, swing! swang! with my Tassels dangling, and my Flambeaux blazing, and———Oh! it's a charming thing to be a Woman of Quality!

Count Bas. Well! I see that plainly, my Dear, there's ne'er a Dutchess of 'em all will become un Equipage like you.

Jenny. Well, well, do you find Equipage, and I'll find Airs, I warrant you. [Sings.]

Squ. Rich. Troth! I think this Masquerading's the merriest Game that ever I saw in my Life! Thof, in my mind, and there were but a little Wrestling, or Cudgel-playing naw, it would help it hugely. But what a-rope makes the Parson stay so?

Count Bas. Oh! here he comes, I believe.

Enter Myrtila, with a Constable.

Const. Well. Madam, pray which is the Party that wants a Spice of my Office here?

Myr. That's the Gentleman. [Pointing to the Count.]

Count Bas. Hey-day! what in Masquerade, Doctor?

Const. Doctor! Sir, I believe you have mistaken your Man: But if you are called *Count Basset*, I have a
Billet.

A JOURNEY to LONDON. 113

Billet-doux in my Hand for you, that will set you right presently.

Count *Baf.* What the Devil's the meaning of all this?

Const. Only my Lord Chief Justice's Warrant against you for Forgery, Sir.

Count *Baf.* Blood and Thunder!

Const. And so, Sir, if you please to pull off your Fool's Frock there, I'll wait upon you to the next Justice of Peace immediately.

Jenny. O dear me! what's the matter? [*Trembling.*]

Count *Baf.* O! nothing, only a Masquerading Frolic, my Dear.

Squ. Rich. Oh ho! is that all?

Sir Fran. No, Sirrah! that is not all.

[*Sir Francis coming softly behind the Squire, knocks him down with his Cane.*]

Enter Manly.

Squ. Rich. O Lawd! O Lawd! he has beaten my Brains out!

Man. Hold, hold, *Sir Francis*, have a little Mercy upon my poor Godson, pray Sir.

Sir Fran. Waunds, Cozen, I han't Patience.

Count *Baf.* *Manly*! nay, then I'm blown to the Devil. [*Aside.*]

Squ. Rich. O my Head! my Head!

Enter Lady Wronghead.

Lady Wrong. What's the Matter here, Gentlemen? for Heav'n's sake! What are you murd'ring my Children?

Const. No, no, Madam! no Murder! only a little Suspicion of Felony, that's all.

Sir Fran. [*To Jenny.*] And for you, Mrs. *Hot-upon't*, I could find in my Heart to make you wear that Habit, as long as you live, you Jade you. Do you know, Hussy, that you were within two Minutes of marrying a Pickpocket?

Count *Baf.* So, so, all's out, I find. [*Aside.*]

Jenny. O the Mercy! why, pray, Papa, is not the Count a Man of Quality then?

Sir Fran. O yes! one of the unhang'd ones, it seems.
Lady

114 *The PROVOK'D HUSBAND; or,*

Lady Wrong. [*Aside.*] Married! O the confident Thing! There was his urgent Business then——sighted for her! I han't Patience!—and for ought I know, I have been all this while making a Friendship with a Highwayman!

Man. Mr. Constable, secure there.

Sir Fran. Ah, my Lady! my Lady! this comes of your Journey to *London*! but now I'll have a Frolic of my own, Madam; therefore pack up your Trumpery this very Night, for the Moment my Horses are able to crawl, you and your Brats shall make a Journey into the Country again.

Lady Wrong. Indeed you are mistaken, Sir Francis—I shall not stir out of Town yet, I promise you.

Sir Fran. Not stir! Waunds! Madam——

Man. Hold, Sir!—if you'll give me leave a little—I fancy I shall prevail with my Lady to think better on't.

Sir Fran. Ah! Cousin, you are a Friend indeed!

Man. [*Apart to my Lady.*] Look you, Madam, as to the Favour you design'd me, in sending this spurious Letter inclosed to my Lady Grace, all the Revenge I have taken, is to have sav'd your Son and Daughter from Ruin——Now if you will take them fairly and quietly into the Country again, I will save your Ladyship from Ruin.

Lady Wrong. What do you mean, Sir?

Man. Why, Sir Francis——shall never know what is in this Letter; look upon it. How it came into my Hands you shall know at leisure.

Lady Wrong. Ha! my *Billet-doux* to the Count! and an Appointment in it! I shall sink with Confusion!

Man. What shall I say to Sir Francis, Madam?

Lady Wrong. Dear Sir, I am in such a Trembling! preserve my Honour and I am all Obedience!

[*Apart to Manly.*]

Man. Sir Francis——my Lady is ready to receive your Commands for her Journey, whenever you please to appoint it.

Sir Fran. Ah Cousin! I doubt I am obliged to you for it.

Man. Come, come, Sir Francis! take it as you find it. Obedience in a Wife is a good thing, though it were never

never so wonderful!——And now, Sir, we have nothing to do but to dispose of this Gentleman.

Count *Baf.* Mr. *Manly*! Sir, I hope you won't ruin me.

Man. Did not you forge this Note for five hundred Pounds, Sir?

Count *Baf.* Sir——I see you know the World, and therefore I shall not pretend to prevaricate——But it has hurt no body yet, Sir! I beg you will not stigmatize me! since you have spoil'd my Fortune in one Family, I hope you won't be so cruel to a young Fellow, as to put it out of my Power, Sir, to make it in another, Sir!

Man. Look you, Sir, I have not much time to waste with you: But if you expect Mercy yourself, you must shew it to one you have been cruel to.

Count *Baf.* Cruel, Sir!

Man. Have you not ruin'd this young Woman?

Count *Baf.* I, Sir!

Man. I know you have———therefore you can't blame her, if, in the Fact you are charg'd with, she is a principal Witness against you. However, you have one, and one only Chance to get off with. Marry her this Instant———and you take off her Evidence.

Count *Baf.* Dear Sir!

Man. No Words, Sir; a Wife or a *Mittimus*.

Count *Baf.* Lord, Sir! this is the most unmerciful Mercy!

Man. A private Penance, or a public one———Constable.

Count *Baf.* Hold, Sir, since you are pleas'd to give me my Choice; I will not make so ill a Compliment to the Lady, as not to give her the Preference.

Man. It must be done this Minute, Sir: the Chaplain you expected is still within Call.

Count *Baf.* Well, Sir,——since it must be so——Come, Spouse———I am not the first of the Fraternity, that has run his Head into one Noose, to keep it out of another.

Myr. Come, Sir, don't repine: Marriage is at worst, but playing upon the Square.

Count

116 *The PROVOK'D HUSBAND; or,*

Count *Baf.* Ay, but the worst of the Match too, is the Devil.

Man. Well, Sir, to let you see it is not so bad as you think it; as a Reward for her Honesty, in detecting your Practices, instead of the forged Bill, you would have put upon her, there's a real One of five hundred Pounds, to begin a new Honey-Moon with. [*Gives it to Myrtilla.*]

Count *Baf.* Sir, this is so generous an Act——

Man. No Compliments, dear Sir——I am not at leisure now to receive them: Mr. *Constable*, will you be so good as to wait upon this Gentleman into the next Room, and give this Lady in Marriage to him?

Const. Sir, I'll do it faithfully.

Count *Baf.* Well! five hundred will serve to make a handsom Push with, however.

[*Exeunt Count, Myr. and Constable.*]

Sir *Fran.* And that I may be sure my Family's rid of him for ever——come, my Lady, let's even take our Children along with us, and be all Witness of the Ceremony. [*Exeunt Sir Fran. Lady Wrong. Miss and Squirr.*]

Man. Now, my Lord, you may enter.

Enter Lord and Lady Townly, and Lady Grace.

Lord *Town.* So, Sir, I give you Joy of your Negotiation.

Man. You overheard it all, I presume?

Lady *Grace.* From first to last, Sir.

Lord *Town.* Never were Knaves and Fools better dispos'd of.

Man. A sort of Poetical Justice, my Lord, not much above the Judgment of a modern Comedy.

Lord *Town.* To heighten, that Resemblance, I think, Sister, there only wants your rewarding the Hero of the Fable, by naming the Day of his Happiness.

Lady *Grace.* This Day, to-morrow, every Hour, I hope, of Life to come, will shew I want not Inclination to complete it.

Man. Whatever I may want, Madam, you will always find Endeavours to deserve you.

Lord *Town.* Then all are happy.

Lady

A JOURNEY to LONDON. 117

Lady Town. Sister? I give you Joy! consummate as
the happiest Pair can boast.

In you, methinks, as in a Glafs, I see
The Happiness, that once advanc'd to me.
So visible the Bliss, so plain the Way,
How was it possible my Sense could stray?
But now, a Convert, to this Truth, I come,
That Married Happiness is never found from Home,





EPILOGUE,

Spoken by Mrs. OLDFIELD.

METHINKS I hear some Powder'd Critics say;
“ Damn it! this *Wife Reform'd* has spoil'd the Play!
“ The Coxcomb should have drawn her more in Fashion,
“ Have gratify'd her softer Inclination,
“ Have tipt her a Gallant, and clinch'd the Provocation.”
But there our Bard stopt short: For 'twere uncivil
T' have made a modern Belle, all o'er a Devil!
He hop'd, in Honour of the Sex, the Age
Would bear one mended Woman——on the Stage.

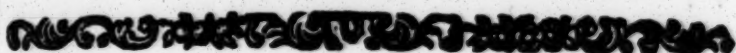
From whence, you see by Common Sense's Rules,
Wives might be govern'd, were not Husbands Fools.
Whate'er by Nature Dames are prone to do,
They seldom stray but when they govern you.
When the wild Wife perceives her Deary tame,
No Wonder then she plays him all the Game.
But Men of Sense meet rarely that Disaster;
Women take Pride, where Merit is their Master:
Nay, she that with a weak Man wisely lives,
Will seem t' obey the due Commands he gives!
Happy Obedience is no more a Wonder,
When Men are Men, and keep them kindly under.
But modern Consorts are such high-bred Creatures,
They think a Husband's Power degrades their Features;
That nothing more proclaims a reigning Beauty,
Than that she never was reproach'd with Duty:
And that the greatest Blessing Heav'n e'er sent,
Is in a Spouse, Incurious and Content.

To give such Dames a diff'rent Cast of Thought,
By calling home the Mind, these Scenes were wrought.
If with a Hand too rude, the Task is done,
We hope the Scheme, by Lady Grace laid down,
Will all such Freedom with the Sex atone,

}
That

EPILOGUE.

*That Virtue there unfoi'd, by modish Art,
 Throws out Attractions for a Manly's Heart.
 You, You, then, Ladies, whose unquestion'd Lives
 Give you the foremost Fame of happy Wives,
 Protect, for its Attempt, this helpless Play;
 Nor leave it to the vulgar Taste a Prey;
 Appear the frequent Champions of its Cause,
 Direct the Crowd and give yourselves Applause.*



Sung by Mrs. CIBBER, in the Fourth Act.

The Words by Mr. CAREY.

OH, I'll have a Husband! ay, marry;
 For why should I longer tarry,
 For why should I longer tarry
 Than other brisk Girls have done?
 For if I stay, 'till I grow gray,
 They'll call me old Maid, and fusty old jade;
 So I'll no longer tarry;
 But I'll have a Husband, ay, marry,
 If Money can buy me One.

My Mother she says I'm too coming;
 And still in my Ears she is drumming,
 And still in my Ears she is drumming,
 That I such vain Thoughts shou'd shun:
 My Sisters they cry, Oh fy! and Oh fy!
 But yet I can see, they're as coming as me;
 So let me have Husbands in plenty:
 I'd rather have twenty times twenty,
 Than die an Old Maid undone.

Sung

Sung by Mrs. CIBBER, in the Fifth Act.

The Words by Mr. CAREY.

I.

WHAT tho' they call me Country Lads,
I read it plainly in my Glass,
~~That for a Dutchess I might pass:~~
Oh, could I see the Day!

Would Fortune but attend my Call,
At Park, at Play, at Ring and Ball,
I'd brave the proudest of them all,
With a *Stand by*——*Clear the Way.*

II.

Surrounded by a Crowd of Beaux,
With smart Toupees, and powder'd Clothes,
At Rivals I'll turn up my Nose;
O, cou'd I see the Day!

I'll dart such Glances from these Eyes,
Shall make some Lord or Duke my Prize;
And then, Oh! how I'll tyrannise,
With a *Stand by*——*Clear the Way.*

III.

Oh! then for ev'ry new Delight,
For Equipage and Diamonds bright,
Quadrille, and Plays, and Balls at Night;
Oh, could I see the Day!

Of Love and Joy I'd take my Fill,
The tedious Hours of Life to kill,
In ev'ry thing I'd have my Will,
With a *Stand by*——*Clear the Way.*

F I N I S.



